THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 59 — COSHOCTON, OHIO, AUGUST 25, 1883. — NUMBER 34.

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COUNTY AND VICINITY.

For the Campaign.

THE COSHOCTON AGE will be sent to the address of new subscribers during the Campaign, to October 18th, for TWENTY FIVE CENTS. Subscriptions with the money may be left with your Postmaster, or forwarded to this office. Let the friends of the Republican cause secure subscribers immediately and forward their names.

MR. D. T. LEE, of Richwood, Union county, is visiting his parents here.

DR JOHNSON, of Roscoe, has returned from an extended visit to the west.

TUESDAY, a stable belonging to Mr MacWhenney of Canal Lewisville, was destroyed by fire

MR AND MRS. J. M HENDERSON spent last Friday with the family of Mr N P. Chapman, at Canton, O

HOMES can be secured from $200 to estates of $30,000 Apply to S. M. Moore's agency, West Bedford, O.

GRAND, gloomy and peculiar is the ponderous belly of J. Weaver Murphy (R E P) but then belly is not brains.

AN EXCHANGE says that in 35 years the Muskingum river has not been at so low an ebb What say our oldest inhabitants?

THERE will be no preaching services at the Baptist church next Sunday morning or evening Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

PROF. J. M. YARNELL and family have removed to Coshocton, and occupy the property recently occupied by Mr. W. D. Gibson.

A MR. BAZENT had his collar bone broken while returning from Congress Lake last Sunday. Dr. Stokes rendered surgical aid.

MR. THOMAS WOLFE, of Franklin township, has 108 colonies of bees from which he has taken 3,000 pounds of honey this season.

MRS. J. M. HENDERSON spent the past week at Congress Lake, where Mr. Henderson was in camp with Co. F, 17th Reg, O. N. G.

MR. SIMON ROGERS, of Newcomerstown vicinity, a member of the 76th Regt., O. V. I. died Tuesday, and was buried Wednesday with soldiers' honors.

ON the evening of Saturday, September 1st, there will be an ice cream festival at the M. E Church, at Frew's Mills. Music will be furnished by the Buckeye Band.

IT is far better to tell a great deal less than you know than to tell so much you cannot prove.—Democrat.

Better apply it to yourself on the wool tariff question.

MRS LIBBY BROWN, formerly of Dresden, now of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is visiting relatives and friends in Coshocton and Muskingum counties. Her son Jay and daughter Mabel is with her.

MONDAY night burglars made an attempt to gain an entrance to the dwelling of Mr. J. T. McCleary, in Franklin towship, but the old gentleman started for his shotgun and they vamoosed.

GEN. T. M. VINCENT, U. S. Army, accompanied by his son Norris, is visiting his mother Mrs, Vincent on South Sixth street. The Gen. is on his way from Washington to his headquarters at San Antonio, Texas.

MR. WM MILLIGAN, of Bethlehem township, gave a dinner Thursday of last week to all those who helped him with his new house after the old one had been destroyed by fire. There were more than thirty-six present.

COSHOCTON County Republican Central Committee is requsted to meet at City Hall, Coshocton, Saturday September 8; at 2 o'clock

J. K JOHNSON, Chairman,
GEO. HILL, SEC'Y.

MRS ANNIE F. CANTWELL has displayed in the window of Mr. E O. Selby's store room a number of specimens of her skill in Kensington work that attracts considerable attention, and displays evidence of the true artist.

AT A meeting of Republican Central Committee held at City Hall, Coshocton, last Wednesday, J. K. Johnson was elected Chairman, and Geo. Hill Secretary. Meeting adjourned to meet Saturday September 8, at 2 o'clock.

A MAN named Francis, a brakeman on the Pan-Handle, had his hand badly mashed while making a coupling at Dresden Junction on Wednesday last. He came to Coshocton and Dr. Carr amputated the first two fingers. He is married and lives in Zanesville.

DAVE & IKE, the enterprising clothiers, have opened a branch clothing house in Newcomerstown, and are meeting with great success. The people of that section are to be congratulated upon the advent of so enterprising a firm in their midst.

THE Wochenblatt, the misrepresentative of the Germans, wiggles and wabbles this week in a vain attempt to demonstrate that it did not oppose Mr. Rinner, but all who are acquainted with the state of affairs in the Mushroom ring, of which it is a whippity-whop member, know that denials are no good.

THE post office at Wolfe's Station, Tuscarawas county, has been abandoned on account of the refusal of the former postmaster, Dr E G. Wolfe, to qualify. The postmaster at Newcomerstown has been ordered to take charge of the effects of the office, and all mail matter intended for Wolfe's Station will hereafter be distributed at Newcomerstown.

THE Guernsey Times says: "The Standard-Commonwealth, a Democrat paper of Coshocton county, disgusted with the shallow attempts of Democrat organs to deceive, tells the truth in the following outspoken editorial, which appeared in a recent issue" And then follows the extract from the Mushroom as it appears at the head of the first column of page 4

THE town council at its regular meeting Tuesday evening, besides allowing a number of miscellaneous bills, ordered a new foot walk to be laid from the end of Second street to the Tuscarawas bridge; ordered the new street to be opened on the Ingraham addition from Main to Chestnut street and instructed the proper committee to secure deeds from the property holders on Sixth street from Chestnut to the cemetery for three feet donated to the town, and to set the fences back and lay pavements

IT is noticed that the leaves on the maple shade trees around town are dying and dropping off and it was first thought to be the recent dry weather or insect sting, but it is explained that it is neither. The leaves have withered and fallen off because of the unseasonable frost that we had last spring just as the trees were budding. The elms are shedding their leaves also, and we will witness the spectacle of leafless limbs and naked trees much earlier than usual this fall. The trees are not permanently injured, however.

MESSRS. STICKLE & NICHOLAS, the well-known law firm, sometimes enter into friendly contests, and sometimes one wins and sometimes the other. The last time, however, Stickle came in ahead. Both are boys, and while young Stickle will pursue the pleasant paths of Republicanism in years to come, it is feared his partner in babyhood joys and sorrows will travel the dark and doleful highways of Democracy. This is the second one for Stickle, but the first one for Nicholas, and while it sets hard upon Sam it is thought he will survive by patient and careful nursing.

THE Wayne County Democrat says farmers will do well to be on the lookout. We find a fellow going the rounds offering new and fancy named wheat at the tempting chance of giving you one or more sacks of seed if you give him half of the crop thereof; it is very nice for him, and those who are not on the alert may be taken in that way. This is not necessary, the Agricultural Department at Washington, and the Agricultural Colleges of the different States, are constantly experimenting with all the new varieties of wheat and other seeds that are annually brought to prominence, and whenever anything is found worthy the public will soon know it. Better write to such an institution first and set your dog on the swindler as soon as he appears.

THE Coshocton Baptist Association met with the Canal Lewisville church on Thursday and Friday of last week. The introductory sermon was preached by Rev. H. H. Dunaway, of Dresden. The letters showed that there had been 87 persons baptized during the year, 19 added by letter, 11 by experience and 3 restored, making a total addition of 120; dismissed, died and excluded 42; net increase, 78, and entire membership of the Association, 1004. Rev. D. Trichler was elected moderator, T. C. Loder, Treasurer, and Rev. W. J. Barnes, Clerk. Rev. A. L. Jordon presented the O. B. Convention work, and Rev. T. J. Shepherd the work of the O. B. C. Society, D. Shepardson, D. D., the education of women, D. Trichler the Journal and Messenger, Other departments of Christian work were presented. The Sunday School Convention met at the same place the preceding day and enjoyed a good session. The Association meets with the Mohawk church next year.

THE Senior Vice Commander of the G. A. R's for New Mexico, publishes in the Las Vegas Daily Optic an extended report of the Grand Army meeting at Denver, recently, from which we make this brief extract concerning a former Coshocton citizen and editor of THE AGE: "Ample justice was done the hospitality extended us, after which a short speech of welcome was followed by replies from the Department Commander and the Commander of this Post, when the banquet was broken up. Returning to the train, the few remaining moments of our stay was devoted to the singing of old army songs. Here we were joined by the Post Commander of Sedgwick Post, T. W. Collier, and a number of the members of that Post with their families, who, during the parade at Denver, fell in with this Post. We shall ever remember the spontaneous and hearty welcome extended us by Sedgwick Post and the citizens of the Gate City, and can only say that we hope to be able at some future time to return the compliment with compound interest, if possible.

THIS doleful picture comes from a Newcomerstown correspondent: The drouth in this section, which was mentioned in these columns a week ago, still continues with no visible signs of abatement. To-day your correspondent has interviewed a great many farmers in this vicinity, and they all give bad reports of the crops. Some complain that the prospects for the corn is not very good, while others say that some of the cornfields are already so badly scorched that a rain now would do them very little good, if any. Your correspondent took a trip yesterday up to the northen part of the county and found the same sad state of affairs existing there as in this immediate vicinity. On either side of the road could be seen cornfields withered up and greatly damaged, while the pasture lands on hill and bottom were brown and crisp. Occasionally a field of good corn was seen, but on the whole the prospects were bad. Farmers are trying to plow for wheat, but in most places the soil is so dry and hard that the ground breaks up in large clods.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Home Mutual Aid Association of Coshocton, it was decided to close the business, and the following was adopted:

WHEREAS, The Home Mutual Aid Association, doing business in Coshocton, Ohio, desires to close its business, and wishing to protect its members who joined in good faith and have kept their certificates good; and whereas, the National Life Association, of Columbus, Ohio, (which said Association, we believe, to be entitled to the confidence of our certificate holders,) proposes to take such of our members as will consent thereto upon the same terms and conditions as they insure other persons, except that they will not charge initiation fee; therefore,

Resolved, That the Home Mutual Aid Association transfer all its members consenting thereto, on the terms stated above, to the said National Life Association, of Columbus, Ohio, and that this Association furnish the said National Life Association a list of the names of our certificate holders, including those who have allowed their certificates to lapse, on the condition that said National Life Association furnish all printed matter and be at all expense in notifying our said certificate holders of the proposed transfer; also, that we turn over to said Association the applications on file with this Association, and that from this date we cease to issue certificates, and that as soon as possible this Association wind up business.

The terms set forth by the above have been accepted by the National Life Association of Columbus, and all policy holders in the Coshocton company are being notified.

Organize a Tariff Club.

Mr. N. Sanial, editor of the Protective publication in New York, known as America, and Secretary of the American Economists, is now in Columbus for the purpose of organizing tariff clubs in all the leading cities and towns in Ohio, with a view of educating the people to more thoroughly understand the necessities of a protective tariff. It is the intention to hold a State Convention early in September, which will be addressed by Senators Frye, of Maine, and Hoar, of Massachusetts. Other towns in Ohio are organizing tariff clubs, and Coshocton should do likewise, and send representatives to the Convention. The attitude of the Democrat party is for free trade and against the interests of American industries, and Ohio as the great keystone of the Republican States should present a bold front for the maintainance of the protective system She will do this, and Coshocton county should be represented.

The American Economists Association has for its President Ohio's honored citizen, Judge Wm. Lawrence, and for a Vice President, Hon. Columbus Delano.

In the next issue of THE AGE we hope to publish a call for a meeting to organize the club.

Destructive Storm in the Northwest.

A cyclone struck the town of Rochester, Minn., Wednesday, and almost totally destroyed it. Nearly a hundred people were injured and twenty-three killed outright. The scenes are described as being most horrible.

W. W. BOSTWICK'S is the place you want to find—sign of the big watch. Watches for less money than any other place.

CAMP BARNETT.

The Cruel War is Over, and Our Regularly Commissioned War Correspondent Makes a Rich and Racy Report.

The 17th Regt. O. N. G. returned last Tuesday from encampment at Congress Lake. In the history of the Regiment never has any one encampment produced so much solid and lasting results as this. The majority of the boys had a good time, although some of them condemn the place on account of the sharks who hold possession of the country. The lake itself is in the form of a crescent, lying north and south, and is navigated by about 50 rowboats, one steamer and one sailing yacht. The yacht is the property of Mr. David Cook, of Cleveland. A great deal of enjoyment was had in going bathing, rowing, yachting and dancing.

As for the people, we can not say so much as for the place. The community is composed of visitors, business men and Pennsylvania Dutch, and Lord have mercy on some of them They are close penurious, grasping, and even avericious. They are peaceable and industrious, but look out when you are dealing with them.

Aside from the discomfort of being in the midst of such a community, everything was lovely for the encampment.

On Wednesday, the 15th, the Blues rallied into Coshocton on their way to the Lake After a nice little ride on the Connotton Valley—which, by the way, is a daisy, little road—the old 17th pulled in at Congress Lake about nine o'clock at night, and soon the tented field loomed up in the moonlight, and the peaceful denizens of forest and glen were disturbed in their slumbers by sound of bugle call and drum.

On Thursday the sound of the reveille called the boys from refreshment to labor, and the business began. Battalion drill twice a day, company drill once and dress parade in the evening.

On Friday Governor Foster surprised the camp by an unceremonious call. He was in camp two hours before the boys found it out, and many were wondering who that gentleman was to whom the Colonel was talking. Adjutant General Smith accompanied the Governor, and at 3 o'clock the Regiment passed in review before these officers and were highly complimented by them for efficiency in drill and for gentlemanly and soldierly conduct In fact, the Governor says the 17th stands "second to none in the State." Of course, the Regiment is not so "tony" as some, but when there is fighting to be done the old 17th is always called upon.

On Saturday the Regiment executed some of the best manoeuvers and drilling ever known in the history of the Regiment On account of some bad feeling between the Pan Handle and the C. V. Railway there were no excursions run on the Pan Handle, a fact which kept visitors away, and although there were thousands of visitors to see the boys there were few that the boys cared to see, that is, few of their home friends. The 17th will never forgive the Pan Handle for this, and we hope it will never encamp anywhere on its lines

On Sunday morning there was quite a rain storm, but notwithstanding all this, there were many visitors in camp from Newark, Dresden, Coshocton and Cleveland. Chaplain Richards, of Zanesville, preached a sermon at head quarters in the evening at sunset.

On Monday at noon a regular cyclone attacked the camp and drove in the pickets. After some preliminary skirmishing the enemy concentrated his forces and made an assault, lasting 15 minutes, during which time he did considerable damage to our out works, demolishing our camp, catching tents on the "fly," and weakening our forces. But little resistance was attempted, and in fact a surrender was talked of from the fact that Col Pocock and his Regimental officers, accompanied by the line officers, had basely deserted their posts to accept an invitation to a grand dinner given by Mr. Barnette, Superintendent of the grounds, who furnished the grounds and gave name to the camp. Several of the officers were accompanied by their wives. Col Pocock made a neat little after dinner speech—the company was highly entertained. When Cap Murphy of Co C, returned to camp he found his tent demolished, and Sergeant Major Balcomb absent, but upon removing the wreck Balcomb and wife were found amid the ruins as comfortable as could be.

On Monday night it was decided that the "dudes" should all be sent up in a "fly" and a great deal of sport was indulged in by the boys on the last evening in camp. At about 11 o'clock was heard a brisk firing on our left in the woods near the picket line, and it was soon discovered that Bob Dorsey and Lieutenant Collins, of Co. G had been out bufying apples.

The camp broke up Tuesday morning and the regiment was soon on its way to the borders of civilization, and the cruel war was over.

Col. Pocock made a neat little speech to the boys on the last dress parade. The boys all almost idolize the Colonel and would be sorry to see him leave as he had thought of resigning. Mrs. Pocock and daughters, Misses Carrie and Maddie, camped with the Colonel, and the girls enjoyed themselves finely. The little ladies disliked to see the guards racing up and down before headquarters in the heat and dusk, and often would Miss Maddie step out with a cool lemonade and say, "Wont you please have something to drink on this hot day," and well we drank it; we could not help it. We would have drank it if it had been sulphuric acid, when presented so bewitchingly.

Misses Emma and Etta Montgomery were in camp nearly all the time "Jumbo" Lynch, our big Drum Major, was quite a feature of our dress parades, and we overheard one lady say she would go further to see him than the real Jumbo.

Co. C is quite a romantic one. In the first place they have two little fellows, about nine years old, Jesse and James Lamson, who are orphans and are taken care of by the boys, who call them "The Kids." The Kids are well drilled and come out on battalion drill and dress parade as big as any one.

Lieut. Smith, of this company, got his wife in a romantic manner. While at Lakeside two years ago he was taken very ill and was placed in a cottage in the Lake grounds. A young lady nursed him through his illness, and he immediately promoted her to the rank of Chief Commander in his company at home, where she holds her commission securely, as any one will testify who has seen her smiling face in camp this year.

Captain Murphy and wife, Sergeant Major Balcomb and wife, and Lieutenant Smith and wife bunked together, and the writer had the great compliment of being invited to dine in their pleasant little home circle.

Captain Ambrose, Co. D, is a fine officer, and is a boy among the boys. Co. D has the honor of furnishing the Lieutenant Colonel for our Regiment, and a good officer he is, too.

Chas. A. Montgomery, Captain Co D, is a regular heart smasher, and he has the honor of being noticed by the ladies more than any other officer except——

Captain Geiger, Co. B, Zanesville, is the "Romeo" of the camp. The boys dote on the Captain—well, yes, and the girls do too.

C. W. Montgomery, Quarter Master, is very popular, and deservedly so, as he is a "Boss," open-hearted, generous and attentive, but the most active, devoted, worthy and efficient officer, is Adjutant S. Roe Robinson, always at his post, and ready for duty. We predict that he will fill a station among the highest in the future.

Co. F is a daisy, Co. G a noisy, and Co. B a merry mob of boys. We would rather hear Co. B boys sing than any minstrel troupe in the State at present.

The Dresden Band furnished music for the encampment, and we venture to say that no band of its size in the State can compare with it.

Major Burch was at camp, although he has consumption. We fear he will not be with us again.

Sergeant Geiger of Co. B has the consumption, the worst case of consumption we ever saw—beer consumption.

So, to night, we bid adieu to the old camp ground with three cheers for Col. Pocock, for the old 17th, for our Regimental and line officers, for everybody and everything we give three times three and a tiger.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are waiting to-night,
Waiting for the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

IRA L. SHARP.

Dresden.

As some of our citizens go off to some of the sumnier resorts, people from other towns and other States visit Dresden to spend a few weeks in the beautiful Muskingum Valley, and all seem to be delighted with our town and surrounding country.

Our band boys returned home from Congress Lake Tuesday. They spent a week there furnishing music for the 17th Regiment, O. N. G., which was encamped there this year. They all seem very much pleased with their trip, and speak in highest terms of Col. Pocock as a military gentleman.

Prof. Joseph Rea, who has had charge of our schools for the past two years, is making arrangements to move with his family to the southern part of Ohio, where he goes to take charge of an educational institution. Next Monday he goes to fill a week's engagement in the Cincinnati Teachers' Institute, of which he is one of the principle instructors. His subject we think is "Civil Government." The Professor is prominent among the educators of our State, and is most eminently qualified to fill the position of Superintendent of any school of 1000 to 1500 pupils. He has many warm friends here who are sorry to loose him.

Business is very good for August.

Mr. Saultzman and son, of Harrisburg, Pa., spent a few days with Miss Mary Hoover and the Misses Bailey, of this place.

Health is very good.

Politics are warming up some. We will make it still warmer for them in October. RESERVE.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

Political News and Gossip From the Capital.

Hoadly in Trouble—Crookedness in the Democrat Counties of Franklin and Licking—Something About the Scott Law and Judge Hoadly's Twenty-six inch Mouth.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 21.

The reports that are in circulation concerning the rupture between Judge Hoadly and the stock-holders of the Cincinnati *News-Journal* are growing more momentous. It is now openly asserted that Hoadly has made a compact with John McLean, whereby the *Enquirer* is to support him. The terms of the understanding being such that in order to comply with them, Hoadly must cut loose from the *News-Journal*. The stock-holders of the N.-J. must have some satisfaction, or Mr. Hoadly will be crowded clear off of the paper, and then will follow a war to force him off the ticket. The end cannot at this time be foretold. One thing is certain, Mr. Hoadly can not carry water on both shoulders, and unless he puts up more money for the News-Journal his "organ" will go back on him.

The report of the examiner of the County Treasury shows that the county Commissioners here have overdrawn the various funds of the county to the aggregate amount of $128,000. The Commissioners and the Board of Education are in the same boat. If a tax commission was needed to restrain the latter why was not its power extended to the former? Some new blood infused into the Commission may do some good this fall. The late overdrawing of salary by a Newark township Trustee has been fully ventilated, and has had its lesson conned by all. A Newark trustee is also reported to have signed all the grocery orders issued in a given time with the names of the other trustees. When trustees use the names of each other in that way it is about time for a change to be made. Public trusts are confided to two or more persons that one may be a check upon the rest, but if one trustee may sign the name of another and draw a dollar, he can sign and draw ten thousand dollars. Nothing is more closely scrutinized at the banks than the use of names. Whenever it becomes known that a man is in the habit of signing other people's names, his standing for integrity is annihilated. There is altogether too much looseness, in the handling of public money, and it is time that examples were made of the persons so implicated, but it seems that there is no other way of accomplishing this end than to appoint commissions and officers and examiners to audit all the accounts and transactions of public officers; in other words, "set a thief to catch a thief." That is the policy of the Democrat party, but the watchee is often much worse than the watchee. A few more Democratic explosions like that at Newark and the Democrat party will be thoroughly demoralized—at least for this campaign. The Democrats are beginning to realize that they are in the wrong boat, and that they are likely to capsize.

AN EXCELLENT TEMPERANCE MEASURE.

Notwithstanding all the denunciation that it has had to stand, the Scott tax law, under the present Constitution, is a better practical solution of the liquor question than Judge Hoadly or any other Democrat statesman has been able to suggest. When, under the Scott law, the people of a town or city don't want the traffic they may dispense with it; when they do want it, it helps them support the Infirmary, police, and other funds. Good old Dr. Merrick, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, has written against the Scott law because "it recognizes the traffic," and he finds reason for accumulating holy horror against the law because the proceeds are devoted to good uses. But, thank heaven, there are few so radical and rabid as the Doctor, who has certainly lived long enough in this world to see good come out of evil in the eternal economy of nature.

The fact is that many men who were drifting in the direction of "Legislative control" are satisfied that the Scott law has settled the question. There is really no necessity for granting further power to the General Assembly on this question; for that body is as capricious and changeable as the wind, as last winter's session amply testified. Besides, this temperance question concerns the people more than the Legislative delegates of the people; and so long as the people have the control of the traffic in their own hands, they should keep it there, and keep the question out of politics if possible. The only way, however, to sustain the Scott law, my friends, is to vote the Republican ticket, for if the Democrat minority ever get into power again, the good Scott law will be given to the winds, and the temperance question will be all adrift from its moorings. In the judgment of those who are in favor of taxation, and who are opposed to license, the proposed amendments could not give anything better in the way of power to enforce taxation than the Scott law.

Hoadly has his number 26 mouth locked up at present writing; the three B's—Bargar, Booth, and Ballentine—take turns of carrying the key in their breeches' pockets. However, Hoadly has lately been talking again, as I hear that a gentleman was in Hoadly's office lately, when the future Governor—for the year 1984—unbosomed himself thusly: That he needed rest, and he thought that the Governorship would be a change and a rest for a couple of years; but that he had not anticipated the grinding anxiety of a campaign, and was not as confident of election now as he was when he was nominated. In other words, he meant to say in the words of the immortal Beecher, that he felt so badly over it that "he almost wished he were dead." Oh, my dear Mr Hoadly, do go off somewhere and find a good soft spot where you can lie down and die where no one will be any the wiser about it.

The trouble with Mr. Hoadly is that he is an aristocrat. The aristocrats are now ruling the Democrats—the "new Democracy" I mean—for Hoadly, Pendleton, Payne and Bookwalter are all aristocrats, to the manner born. Besides, my Republican friends, Hoadly is really a Republican, you know; and when there are two Republican candidates in the field, the people will take the best—Mr. Foraker, by all means—wont they?

FARRAND.

Dead Men Don't Kick—Bargar Downcast.

Columbus correspondence Cleveland Leader: "Pendleton's nerve is all gone. At the Democratic State Committee rooms, where the McLean and Bookwalter crowd are in command, there has been high glee since Saturday. Ballentine is especially jubilant. Bargar is the only downcast man in the lot. He was Pendleton's friend. A Pendleton man of Columbus who suggested to Ballentine that the hilariousness was not the proper caper, and that Pendleton might not submit without kicking, was met with the reply, "h—ll dead men don't kick."

TELL THE PEOPLE

That Burns, the Jeweler, has just received the finest selection of Ladies' and Gents' Gold Watches ever brought to Coshocton, which he offers at figures never before offered.

CALL on Talmadge & Davis and see their new line of mantles; finest in the city.

DR. O. C. FARQUHAR will be at the McDonald House Friday, August 31, and Saturday, September 1st, where his patients can consult him.

W. W. BOSTWICK, the Big Watch Jeweler, will sell you goods lower than any other man in the county.

TALMADGE & DAVIS have gotten their new line of stoves for the Fall & Winter trade. Call and see them.

PILES, FISTULA, &C.

Dr. Kisner having returned from a visit to the North-west, will resume his regular monthly visits to this point, beginning Wednesday, September 5th, and every four weeks thereafter, at the Park House. No cutting, tieing or danger, a cure guaranteed. Charges reasonable.

THE CIRCUS

Will be outstripped in splendor by the magnificent display of Gold and Silver Watches, and Jewelry of all kinds to be seen at the Store of Burns, the Jeweler.

DR. KISNER will hereafter stop at the Park House. Don't forget it.

BALDWIN'S Corn Shock Binders for sale by Talmadge & Davis. aug18-5t

FOR an A 1 Watch at the lowest figure, call on W. W. Bostwick, the BIG WATCH JEWELER.

ZANESVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Fall term opens Sept. 18. For circulars address Chogwill and Parsons. Aug 18-4t

BURNS, the Jeweler, is offering a bigger line of finest quality of American Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Charms, etc., than was ever before shown in our town.

SOLDIERS ATTENTION!—An agent of Milo B. Stevens & Co., the well known War Claim Attorney, will be at the County Clerk's Office in Coshocton, Friday August 31. Persons interested in pensions or their claims are cordially invited to call. 18-2t

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public sale on Saturday, Sept. 15, 1883, at one o'clock P. M., the farm belonging to the heirs of Abraham Overholt, deceased, consisting of 155 acres, in Mill Creek township, Coshocton county. Farm is well improved—good dwelling house and all outbuildings—good orchard, well watered and under good cultivation. Will be sold free of all incumbrance.

Terms of sale:—One-third down, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years, with interest. Deferred payments secured by mortgage.

JOHN OVERHOLT.

"THE Big Watch Jeweler," W. W. Bostwick.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

CONDITIONS.

MISS WEBER'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. W. H. PALMER.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER III.

Weeks elapsed. The wild grapes whose vines netted the mountain sides were purple with frost. The nuts were dropping, and the persimmons were ripe.

All this while Floyd Marble lay in the wretched hut to which he had been carried, and from whence it was impossible to remove him until the bones of his leg should knit.

The surgeon had been tolerably skillful, and he had done well. The drowsy days, the monotonous nights had come and gone. He did not know how many had elapsed. Mrs. Dyce had improved somewhat under the physician's care, and Carroll had given up roaming the mountains with her rifle, had given up tormenting young Brickley with her coquetries, and had devoted herself, in her way, to nursing the injured man.

He was up at last. With the aid of his crutch he could limp out into the sunshine.

Carroll and he sat outside the cabin door one soft, blue tinted day. Carroll was cleaning her rifle once more.

"What a cursed, stupid blunder it was!" Marble muttered to himself. "But I wouldn't have believed they would have deserted me as they've done, in my misfortune," he added.

Carroll was watching him out of her green eyes.

"Do you know just how long I've been here?" he asked, frowning at his previous thoughts.

"Six weeks," she said, curtly.

"Carroll" he changed his querulous tone to that mixture of persuasion and command which gave him such influence over women -"I want you to do me a favor?"

"What?"

He looked at her a moment. What a beautiful fiend she was! What a darling capacity for pleasure she must have within her! What a waste it was to consign such a sumptuous creature to this Inferno, he thought.

"Come here, Carroll."

She leaned the rifle against the house, and approached him with suspicious reluctance.

"What I want of you, Carroll," laying his hand upon her arm, "is to do something for me—confidentially. You can do it if you will, and I will pay you. But no one must know any thing about it but ourselves. No one must ever know."

She looked at him gravely.

"You know," he continued, "that at the time I was hurt I was staying with a party at the hotel across the mountain. I don't know why I have never heard from them. Do you think your friend Brickley carried them word of my accident?"

"He said he did."

"Between ourselves, Carroll, I don't believe it. He pocketed the money, and never went near them."

"Maybe."

"Well, my dear girl, I want you to go over there for me, and find out what has become of my friends. Find out every particular, and bring me back word. If they never knew why I did not return the day that I left them,—if there has been any mistake, it—it may ruin my life."

She stood silent, knitting her black brows.

"Will you go, Carroll?"

"It will take two days to go and return."

"Very well. I will pay you for your trouble."

"How much?"

"Every cent I've got."

He drew his wallet from his pocket and put it in her hand.

"Were there girls with you down there?" she asked, sullenly.

"There was a young lady in the party."

"And you'll pay all you've got to hear from her?"

"Yes."

"She must be a handsome one."

"Well, I don't think she's as handsome as you are, Carroll. But it is important for me to know what she thinks about my long absence, and all that."

Carroll Dyce folded her arms across her breast, and looked down with lowering eyes into Marble's face.

"Are you engaged to the girl?" she asked.

Marble struggled a moment with himself.

"No," he answered, "we are not engaged."

"Well, I'll go for you," Carroll said. "I'll start at once."

"Perhaps—your father ought to know where you have gone—"

She made a gesture of contempt.

"Do you think I care for him—or any of 'em?"

A gleam of admiration and sympathy crossed Marble's face. The girl pushed her fox-skin cap more firmly over her hair, took her rifle in her hand, and set off down the mountain side.

"What a magnificent creature!" Marble thought, idly; and then his thoughts went back to Marian Weber, and to conjectures as to the strange silence which had, as it appeared, been maintained regarding his disappearance.

The following day he looked eagerly for Carroll's return. She did not come, but the doctor made one of his irregular visits, and gave his patient permission to be transported across the mountain. A half-day's journey must be made on a litter. Then he would reach the road where a buckboard and a yoke of steers could be employed.

Upon the heels of this welcome information a messenger arrived—a lank, gaunt colored boy sent by Carroll.

"She tole me to tell you 'twar all right, and to come on. She's waitin' for you."

With this indefinite information, Marble made such arrangements as he could with his hosts, and set off the following morning.

It was toward sundown of the same day that he found himself within a quarter of a mile of the hotel—of the spot where he had kissed Marian Weber's lips and made his promise. The rough cart jolted along. Marble was conscious of feeling weak and feverish and apprehensive.

Suddenly from behind a clump of sumach Carroll Dyce stepped into the road. She had a long, gay shawl wrapped about her, and a riding-hat with a long plume on her head.

"You're to rest here a while," she said, concisely, to Marble. "I've got something to tell you. You needn't go no farther," she added, to the negro driver.

Marble alighted. Carroll snatched the shawl from about her shoulders, and improvised a seat for him upon a stone. The negro was "hawing" lustily to his steers.

"Carry you back, 'f you say so, missy," he said, when he had accomplished turning about.

"Go on," she commanded. "If you see the folks, you can tell them I'll be back when I get ready."

Marble turned his eyes wearily to the girl's.

"Well, what of her?" he inquired, impatiently. He had a curious sense of comradeship with this wild girl; a feeling that she understood his affairs without having them explained to her.

"She never knew you got hurt."

"Then she never inquired."

"I s'pose she didn't."

"When did they leave the hotel?"

"The same day you broke your leg."

"Impossible! They did not intend leaving for a fortnight."

One of 'em got news—that her mother was dying. They set off at noon that day."

Marble was stupefied by this news.

"All of them?" he asked.

"The two ladies and one man went North. The other went somewhere else. Here's a note they left for you."

"A note!" Marble snatched it eagerly. But it was only from Phil Porter, bidding him keep the dog and the fowling-piece as long as he found the sport amusing.

Marble passed his hand across his head confusedly. How easy it is to slip out of the place that has known us, and never be missed. Miss Weber, going off so suddenly, had not seen fit to leave any word for him. Probably during all those weeks she had thought of him as amusing himself with the Porters. Perhaps she had wondered that he had not addressed her. Perhaps in absence, surrounded by influences hostile to him, she had regretted her brief concession, and resolved to cancel it. If so?

The daylight and the landscape swam before Floyd Marble's eyes. He began to think of his true situation. He was out of business—except a commission to paint a picture which he never meant to touch. He was out of funds. He had no credit. He had staked every thing upon winning Miss Weber. And now a cursed slip and two months imprisonment in a hovel had wrecked his plan.

He grasped his crutch and started upward. In a sudden accession of weakness he loaned on Carroll Dyce's shoulder for support. The girl stood close beside him, watching his face as a dog watches his master's.

"This is blamed ill luck," he muttered. "Carroll, I must get away from here—to-night—at once. This accident has played the mischief with my plans. I must go home and my dear girl, you have got every cent of ready money I possess."

"That need not matter, for I am going with you."

His first thought was conventional, and he stared at her with horror. The second thought made him smile with sympathy for the reckless girl who was taking her fate in her hands in such fashion.

"Impossible!" he said.

"We shall see."

"Carroll, why—why have you conceived such a plan?"

She looked at him with unspeakable looks. All his wild blood leaped again in his veins. What a splendid young savage she was! What were the artificial charms of the pale prudes he knew compared with her glowing beauty, her splendid physical strength, her audacious defiance for order and law! What a model for a sculptor! What a boon companion! The tide of returning health swept through his frame, filling him with riotous impulses. A demon possessed him. It cried out, "Let the prim, proper heiress go. Go back to the 'life in Egypt' with this gorgeous young barbarian."

"Come, Carroll. You will have to help me down the road to the hotel," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Weber sat in a small room which she called her office. A few law books occupied the shelves, rows of documents were pigeonholed in the desk. The table at which she sat was covered with bills, ledgers and memoranda. Miss Weber was a woman of business. She managed her own affairs in a dispassionate, thorough, methodical manner.

She has one of her old, pale looks on to-day. Not a crinkle in her smooth hair, not the faintest color in her cheeks. She has on a heavy cloth dress of an unbecoming shade—a dreadfully old-maidish dress, as her friend, Mrs. Lauriston, declares. She sits with an open letter in her hand; from Floyd Marble. He says:

* * "An accident, painful, well-nigh fatal to myself, has made the past two months a blank. Is that to cause an estrangement between us? Am I not to be permitted to explain the misfortune that has kept me from you? * * When I called this morning, and was refused, I supposed that you were not at home. A second refusal this evening obliges me to suspect that you do not intend to see me. Marian, I demand a hearing. Appoint a time when I may see you, or you will drive me to some desperate course which may cover us both with disgrace." * *

The letter was dated the preceding evening. As Miss Weber concluded its perusal for the third or fourth time, the man-servant announced at the door:

"A person who has an appointment, Miss Weber."

A young man entered the room—a man with no particular expression; nothing noticeable about his clothes—a neutral-looking person in every sense.

"Close the door, James," said Miss Weber, bowing to her guest.

"You have at length heard something?" she inquired.

"Madam, I know every thing."

The neutral-looking person was a detective whom for a month past Miss Weber had employed to discover the whereabouts of Floyd Marble.

"Very well, let me have your information."

The neutral-tinted eyes in their mechanical survey of Miss Weber's room had recognized the handwriting of the open letter. The detective made a rapid mental estimate of the situation, and resolved to impart less than he knew.

"On the twenty-fifth of October," he began, "Mr. Marble started on a gunning expedition among the mountains of North Carolina. He was alone with his dog. About sunrise he had a fall which broke his leg. He was carried to a cabin near by and nursed. His injuries obliged him to remain there six weeks."

Miss Weber controlled herself by a violent effort. How she had wronged the man she loved! Could she ever forgive herself for her injustice?

"You have done all that I could expect, Mr. Boyce," she said, cordially. She drew a blank check from a pad and filled it for five hundred dollars. "May I offer you this?" she said.

"It is a somewhat larger amount than I claim, Miss Weber. We will let the matter rest for a few weeks, if you please."

At that moment James opened the door and handed a card to his mistress.

"You may say that I am at home, and will see him shortly," she said.

A few minutes later Reuben Joyce was putting on his iron-gray overcoat in the front hall, and Floyd Marble was being shown into Miss Weber's office. Ten minutes afterwards she rang the bell to give instructions to her servant that she was not at home to callers.

"It seems a little hard that I should have to add your suspicions to all my other misfortunes, Marian," Mr. Marble said.

"It does. But you can see how natural they were. As you may remember, you were a little put out, on that last evening we spent together, by my refusal to remain on the piazza with you after Mrs. Lauriston went inside. Next morning, when we came down to breakfast, we learned that you had started two hours earlier on an all-day tramp. Between ten and eleven o'clock a messenger arrived with very bad news for Georgina. Her mother was dangerously ill. An hour afterwards we were driving as fast as we could be carried to the nearest station on our way home. Mrs. Elliot died the day following our return, and naturally, for a time I was much engrossed. Subsequently I heard of the Porters completing the tour we had planned, and concluded that you were with them. When they returned, and knew nothing of you, I will confess that my surmises were disagreeable. You will pardon me Floyd."

"I am most miserable, Marian, to have cause you annoyance. I hope it may be the last time. I have suffered myself considerably."

"You have, indeed," she said, quickly, laying her slim white hand impulsively on his. "Let us hope the future has something better in store for us."

He held her hand between his own.

"Marian, it wants but a fortnight of Christmas," he said, significantly.

"I know," with the pretty smile and flush stealing over her delicate face, "and then our engagement shall be announced."

The interview had been long enough for Miss Weber's standard of good taste, and after a little more rather emotional talk she sent Mr. Marble away, promising to get a ticket for him for a reception she was to attend the following evening.

One or two business callers followed: her house agent concerning some repairs, and the lady president of a fuel society for a contribution. And then Miss Weber went to lunch, turning the key of her office as usual on leaving it.

A few hours after, when about starting to drive, she remembered the check she had written and which Reuben Joyce had declined, and went back to her office to destroy it.

The papers lay about as she remembered to have left them. *But the check was gone!*

* * * * *

People remarked that Miss Weber had seldom looked so pretty as she did at Mrs. Blamire's reception, the evening following her interview in the office with Floyd Marble. She wore a dress of palest pink, with a wreath of wild roses fastened on the shoulder and training over her bosom and down to her knees.

Floyd Marble came rather late. He was always a central figure in a room, on account of his fine form and commanding presence. Miss Weber certainly distinguished him by her attention; that is, she permitted him to devote his attentions to her. She did not dance, and Mr. Marble had not done so since his accident. At one time during the evening the two sat in an anteroom, on a crimson sofa, tete-a-tete for half an hour.

Mrs. Lauriston passed the door with a lady friend.

"Enough said,' remarked the latter; "Marian Weber has never done so with any other man. She will marry this one."

Standing by himself for a few moments, Floyd Marble allowed himself a sense of exultation.

"The engagement is practically announced," he murmured to himself, with an harassed look stealing over his face and a sense of relief in his tone.

"May I attend you home, Marian?" he asked, as he escorted Miss Weber to the dressing-room.

"Yes," with her fine, magnetic smile; "if you will not allow any one to see that you do."

They drove home together. At her door Floyd Marble buttoned his overcoat close and walked away. Some way he instinctively avoided the light which from time to time the street lights flung in his face.

Within doors, Miss Weber was surprised to be told that Reuben Joyce desired to see her for a moment; that he had, in fact, been awaiting her return for an hour.

"My business is important, Miss Weber," said the detective, "or I would not have intruded at this hour. I have found the party who stole your check."

Now in her secret soul Miss Weber had accused the detective himself as the most likely thief of the check which had disappeared so mysteriously. She felt excited and cold, and stood perfectly silent.

"The check was cashed this morning—for Mr. Marble, who, by-the-way, had annexed a cipher to the figures, before presenting it."

Miss Weber staggered backward and held by a chair.

"I know I have shocked you, madam. You would be less surprised if I had told my whole story the other day."

"Why did you not?"

"You did not ask if what I told was *all* the information I had to communicate."

"Tell me what you know."

"Mr. Marble," the man began, "traveled from North Carolina—with a lady. If you desire you may prove—"

"Hush! It is none of my business. I do not believe it."

At that moment the door-bell rang sharply.

"I took the liberty," said Reuben Joyce, "to ask your friend, Mr. Lauriston, to meet me here. This is no doubt he."

"Then he knows—what you have told me?"

"He does."

"In that case," said Miss Weber, proudly, "we will prove or disprove these accusations. Until they are proved, I, for one, discredit them."

"You will find," said Reuben Joyce, "that from your society Mr. Marble went to-night direct to that of his traveling companion."

The late callers entered the room. Mrs. Lauriston had accompanied her husband.

"Marian," she cried, "do not permit yourself to have but one feeling—a feeling of gratitude that it is not too late!"

Miss Weber hardly knew how she passed the next humiliating hour. She was standing among her friends, finally, in an apartment-house, and through a lifted curtain at a closet window was looking into a room beyond.

It was cosily furnished, with crimson furniture, warm tinted walls, a picture on an easel, a banjo and violin. Marian hardly saw these things. She saw, standing at a table before an open book, with her finger on a page, a girl so dark, proud and sumptuous in her beauty that she might have been a daughter of Ramises. She wore a soft, clinging crimson dress with a square corsage, showing the fine bust and throat adorned with an amber necklace, and demi-sleeves revealing the silver and copper bangles which she wore with a sort of barbaric delight.

In a low chair before the fire Floyd Marble was stretched at his ease. He rolled a cigarette and lighted it. Then he spoke to his companion. She came smiling, and perched herself on the arm of his chair. He twisted another cigarette and put it to her laughing lips.

"These are the things your money has paid for, Marian," said Mrs. Lauriston.

Miss Weber shivered, silently.

"The officers are waiting to make the arrest," said Reuben Joyce. "I suppose we may tell them to proceed."

"No!" cried Marian Weber, as if she were stung. "Come with me. I wish to see *him*."

The detective's tap on the door brought Floyd to it, cautiously.

It was no sooner opened than Joyce, prepared for emergency, flung it back, keeping his hand upon it.

Marian Weber stepped within. Her rare ladyhood and quiet grace had seldom shone more conspicuously.

"Mr. Marble," she said, "it was my privilege at one time to impose some conditions upon you. I have come to remove them, or rather to exchange them. The new conditions I would impose are these: You are accused of stealing five thousand dollars. The circumstances need never be known, except to those already acquainted with them, provided that your marriage with this—person—takes place to-night. Good-by. I shall look for the publication of your marriage in to-morrow's journals."

Before Marble could reply, could even realize what had occurred, she was gone.

"You treated him better than he deserved, but no matter, since it is over," said Georgina Lauriston.

Miss Weber lay back languidly in her carriage.

"Georgina, let us go away somewhere," she said, "and never think of this again."

"Certainly. We will go to the Himalayas. It is just the season."

Next day the papers contained a notice of the marriage of Floyd Marble to Miss Carroll Dyce. And the following day the announcement that the lovely Miss Weber had sailed for the East.

HOW CANADA IS GOVERNED.

Report of United States Commercial Agent Carroll, on the Dominion Government.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

As is well known, there are seven provinces in the Dominion, viz., New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia and Manitoba. The total population of these provinces is 4,352,080. The executive authority is vested in the Queen, exercised through the Governor General, who receives $50,000 a year salary.

The Governor General has 13 advisers, known as the Cabinet or Queen's Privy Council of Canada, each of whom receives a salary of $7,000 per annum and $1,000 in addition for each session of Parliament, except the Premier, who receives $8,000 and an additional $1,000 per session, making the total annual salaries of these officers $155,000, $49,000 in excess of that paid to the President of the United State and his Cabinet.

A member of the Canadian Cabinet must be either a Senator or a member of the House of Commons. There are 12 departments viz. 1 of Justice, 2 of Finance, 3 of Agriculture, 4 of the Secretary of State, 5 of Militia and Defense, 6 of Customs, 7 of Inland Revenue, 8 of the Interior, 9 of Public Works, 10 of Railways and Canals, 11 of the Postoffice and 12 of the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

Parliament is composed of a Senate and House of Commons. Senators are appointed for life, and members of the House of Commons are elected for five years. At present there can be but 78 Senators, and after the admission of Newfoundland into the Confederation the number is limited to 82. In the late Parliament there were 206 members in the House of Commons. Under the recent apportionment the House just elected will have 211 members. Each Senator and member of the House of Commons receives $1,000 per annum as compensation.

The sessions of Parliament are short compared with those of the Congress of the United States. There is no particular time or day for the assembling of Parliament. It usually meets however, in February of each year, being summoned to Ottawa by proclamation of the Governor General, who also, with the advice of the Cabinet, prorogues it, and so far as the House of Commons is concerned, dissolves Parliament at the end of five years or sooner. Parliament is opened in person by the Governor General, with considerable formality and pomp.

The Speaker of the Senate, who must be a Senator, is appointed by the Governor General. He has in all cases a vote. Senators do not address the Speaker. They address the Senate. Intemperate or offensive language is dealt with by the Senate.

The members do not vote "yea" or "nay." Those in favor of a motion are the "contents," and those opposed are the "non-contents."

In the House of Commons the members address the Speaker, who is elected by that body. The Speaker of the Senate takes part in the debates thereof. The Speaker of the House of Commons takes no part in the debates. He has the casting vote in case of a tie. Unlike the Speaker of the Senate, he preserves order, and, on the whole, wields about the same power as the Speaker of the House of Representative of the United States.

The form of government, to a great extent, is modeled from our own, or to that extent which its relation to Great Britain permits.

The Governor General has certain powers, but he appears to have no will against that of the government. He therefore seldom uses any of his prerogatives, but assents to such measures as the government may see fit to present.

General election days appear like Sunday. All places selling intoxicating drinks are closed. The law on this subject is very stringent. Any person violating it is fined heavily and jailed. Any person who has attained the age of 21 years, and has an income of $400 in a city, $300 in a town, $200 in a village and $200 in a township may vote, provided he is a British subject. Any person, meaning a male, owning property in one or more election districts can vote in each district in which his property is located, provided it amounts to the figure in either of the places named above. The voting is by ballot, and only one voter is allowed in the poll at a time. The returning officer is supposed to have the tickets printed with the names of the opposing candidates thereon, who supplies each of his deputies with the number required at their respective poll on the morning of election.

The tickets are numbered by the deputy returning officer, who, as each voter presents himself, initials the ticket, hands it to the voter, who proceeds to another apartment, affixes the mark required by law opposite the name of the candidate of his choice, returns to the poll, hands the ticket to the returning officer, who examines it on the outside to see that his initials are there, places it in the box, and the process is complete. The candidate has nothing to do with the tickets or their preparation. Indeed, it is unlawful that he should.

Each candidate must deposit $200 with the proper authority before he can be recognized as such. This sum is returned in each case should the defeated candidate receive more than one-half of all the votes polled. If not, only the successful candidate's deposit is returned.

Constituencies are small in Canada compared with the United States, and majorities are frequently as low as one, two or three. Two or three hundred is considered a large majority in most electoral districts.

In this connection, and in conclusion, it may be proper to add that the Province of Quebec is the pivotal province as to representation in the Dominion House of Commons. It has a fixed representation of 65 members, and the representation of the other provinces is in proportion to the number of their respective populations as the number of 65 bears to the population of Quebec. This is determined and adjusted decennially.

The Object of Protection.

From the Industrial World.

There is a misconception on the part of many as to the true object of protection. Not a few believe that tariffs are imposed for the sole purpose of benefiting manufacturers, even at the expense of the general public. No close student of political economy need be told that such is not the case. Protection is a great national policy maintained not for the few, but for the many—not for one class but for all classes. That man takes a very limited view of the situation who thinks that the American people would consent to favor a policy the chief design of which is to build up a special class, to the detriment of all others. The mistake in believing that such is the case arises from a lack of a clear understanding of the principles of protection. Duties on imports are imposed primarily for revenue purposes, but secondarily to discourage a too-free importation of the many kinds of manufactures which can be advantageously made at home. The manufacturer is only one of many who are interested in producing articles for the home market. In many instances the item of labor alone is fully 80 to 90 per cent of the cost of production. Certainly the men whose labor represents this 80 to 90 per cent of cost have some interest in the question of how much protection shall be afforded to the fruits of their labor. The men whose capital, skill and labor combine to bring forth an article of manufacture, although largely interested, are by no means the only ones concerned in this matter. There are those who who own the land in which are found the ironstone and other metals, limestone, coal and petroleum. Besides these, there are the landowners on whose ground are forests, and on whose expansive acres are found the flocks of sheep, the wool from which enters so extensively into the manufacture of our domestic woolens. Largely interested in this subject are the men who own and control our great railway and water lines of transportation, and the many thousands of operatives employed in running them. But these by no means complete the list. The innumerable hosts of middle men, the retail and wholesale dealers whose business it is to attend to the sale and distribution of manufactures, and that not insignificant army of professional gentlemen, embracing the legal, medical and ministerial professions, all have an unmistakable interest in protection. Lastly, there are the farmers, who are directly interested in having about them the largest number of consumers possible. All of these separate and extensive classes are chiefly dependent upon the prosperity of American industry for their own prosperity. If we make no articles of iron or steele, the crude metal lies an untouched mass in the grounds of the owner. The railways are not called into requisition to draw the metal from the mine to the furnace. The laborers are not sought for to bring it from the mine to smelt it, nor to fabricate it into articles of use or beauty, and the farmer does not have near him these various kinds of artisans to demand the products of his orchards, fields and gardens.

The government steps in and says: "We must have these industries, and to make them possible we will provide a market for the sale of their productions." It says to other nations, whose factories are manned by paupers or labor degraded almost to pauperism, "You cannot bring your goods into our market, to the deprivation of our own manufacturing classes." It says that Americans should engage in trade and commerce first with each other, making the business of each other inter-independent, and that all who persist in non-observance of this rule shall have to pay the penalty imposed in the form of duties.

Our people believe, and rightly too, that a nation having extensive manufactories is not only a richer, but likewise a stronger and more powerful one than if its sole dependence were in its fields and pastures.

Under the fostering care of our protective tariff our manufacturers have grown and thriven as those of no other nation have. A few short years, in the memory of our young men, America, so far as her industries were concerned, was but an infant; but to-day, as as a manufacturing country, we are the peer of any nation. Our wares find a market in every clime, and where our goods are sold they invariably receive unstinted praise for their beauty and utility.

But who, may we ask, have been the sharers in the prosperity which has grown up side by side with the prosperity of our manufacturing systems? Every one. From the man on the farm to the man at the forge, all have grown richer, and, we trust, happier under the beneficence of that protection which has been the means of promoting the best manufacturing systems in the known world. In this general prosperity the manufacturer has had his share, but only his share.

The New Version of Deuteronomy.

From the London Daily News.

A very curious Phenician copy of Deuteronomy, or at least a part of that book, has just been brought to London. A number of Semitic Savants met the other day in the office of the Palestine Exploration Fund, where the document was to be seen. The word documents ought perhaps to be used, for it consists of a number of small pieces of parchment in a very decayed and dirty condition. On some of them Phenecian letters are distinctly visible, while on others spirits of wine must be passed over with a camel hair brush before the letters can be seen. The writing has been to a certain extent deciphered, and is part of the book of Deuteronomy; it is said to be as old as the Moabite Stone, which is generall supposed to date back about 900 years before Christ. It need scarcely be stated that if this turns out to be correct, these pieces of leather will possess a high value, not only in money, but also in a literary sense, for they contain some curious variations in the reading, among which is, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart"—by joining the first and second commandments into one, this becomes the tenth in the Phenician version. In chapter vii., 20, instead of 'hornet' the copy gives 'leprosy.' There is also an important variation in chapter xxviii, in relation to the 'Blessings,' and the death of Moses is omitted. The singular relic of the past has been brought to this country by Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem, who was introduced to the meeting by Mr. Besant, and he explained how he became possessor of it. Five years ago he received information that some Arabs near Diban, in Moab, the same locality where the Moabite Stone was discovered, had a rare talisman to which they attributed all the good luck wich befel them. Mr. Shapira, thinking it might be something ancient, employed some Arabs to aid him, and he described their character as 'people who would steal their own mother-in-law for a few piastres.' By this means the talisman was carried off, and from a cave in the Wadi Mojib it now appears in the Strand, subject to the anxious scrutiny of men learned in Hebrew and Assyrian writing. The previous reputation of 'Moabite Pottery,' which had the name of Mr. Shapira connected with it, naturally tends to make people careful in their judgment on Moabite manuscripts. After the Moabite Stone was accepted as authentic, other Moabite stones were found, which had to be rejected; and savants are now inclined to be sceptical of anything coming from the eastern side of the Dead Sea. Before this copy of Deuteronomy can pass as genuine, it will have to undergo a very minute scrutiny, and be subjected to a careful examination. It is now under this process, and Dr. Ginsberg's report, as well as that of others who are engaged on it, will be looked for with great anxiety by all Biblical scholars. Mr. Shapira talks of a million sterling as the value of this find.

Purchasers at that figure will be scarce.

He Drank a Tear.

From the Arkansaw Traveler.

"Boys, I won't drink lessen you take what I do," said old Josh Spilit in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe condition is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I will not agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spilit, "take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar.

Everyone turned to Spilit and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spilit, give me a glass of water."

"Water! water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink for me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell how I came to take it. Several days ago a passel of us went fishing and we took a fine chance of whiskey along, an' had a heap of fun. 'Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me there drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, and when I woke in the mornin' thar sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up an' looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see she was chokin'.

"I wish I had suthin' to drink, says I.

"Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her an' went down to whar a spring biled up an' dipped up a cupful and fotched it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over to hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drap into the water. I tuck the cup an' drank the water an' the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never hereafter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the past twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water Mr. Bartender."

Protection at the South.

Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Whatever the feeling may have been in the past, when the South was simply an agricultural section, it is simply useless to longer deny the fact that the protection policy has made no little progress, and is now not only acquiesced in, but warmly supported by many of our people, and among them some of our most progressive and biggest-brained men. Every shop and factory and mill and furnace built, and every mine opened, but adds to the number of supporters of this policy, who believe that it will help to build up these industries and make them a permanent success.

How a London Dentist Charges.

Mrs. Bancroft, the actress, visited recently one of the most celebrated dentists in London, who seldom handles any but aristocratic jaws, to have her teeth examined and operated on. Knowing the weakness of the expert she asked what his charge was, but he refused to say until he had completed what was but an inspection and some cleaning. This done, he said his charge was $250. The artiste protested, and offered $100, which, she said, was all the money she had with her. She added that she brought so much because she was told that the charge would be exorbitant, and provided herself with a sum expected to meet the highest figure. She declares that the fashionable dentist took the $100, and, clapping his back to the door, would note allow her to leave until she signed a not for the rest. The case is to be heard in Court.

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OUR STANDARD BEARER.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

Judge J. B. Foraker the Republican Candidate for Governor

AS A BOY.

Nine miles west of Bainbridge, on the high lands that border the Rocky Fork—that most picturesque of Ohio streams—lies the pretty little farming village of Rainsboro. It is the larger of the two voting precincts of Paint township, Highland county; and out of its three hundred votes casts a Republican majority of from sixty-five to eighty at every election. But that majority will be doubled the present fall, for at the head of this year's Republican ticket stands a name which all Highland county, and especially all paint township, delights to honor—JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER. To the people thereabout he is not "Judge Foraker," nor even "Mister," but just plain Ben, and they speak the familiar title with an evident emphasis of liking and approbation. Not that they are at all insensible to the honors so bravely and so early won, but first and foremost they esteem the individuality of the man whom they have watched and loved from infancy up, and whose record stands before them without a blot. He has a host of relatives all through the county, and everybody is his friend besides.

A third of a mile north of Rainsboro, a lane leads from the New Petersburg pike back into the woods. Half a mile in, amid a little grove of noble trees, stands a neat, cosy frame house, now occupied by Henry Foraker, a second cousin of the Judge. The older part of the building was the later addition to a large log cabin—now demolished—which the elder Foraker built when he came from the state of Delaware, and in which Ben was born in July, 1846.

In April, 1848, the family removed to Reece's saw and grist mill—the most westerly of the three mills upon Rocky Fork, and situated about four miles above Rainsboro—there remaining for twenty three years. Here Ben passed his boyhood, and began to develop the admirable traits which have marked—and, indeed, have largely shaped his whole career. He was noted, from the start, for remarkable energy, push and perseverance. Never content to be merely among the best, the boy strove to be *the* best. It was so in his lessons, in his childish sports, in everything. There was no envy in his ambition, no desire to push others down, but a manly determination to "work for all he was worth." He did not plan to rest on any success, so long as a higher success was attainable.

Sam Newell, long-time miller on the Fork, was Ben's prime favorite in those early days. A great reader of the newspapers, and a man well informed on all the questions of the day, he never tired of answering the countless questions put to him by the boy; who was insatiate in his thirst for information. Ben's interest in politics began almost with his infancy, and as a boy he acquired a most unusual knowledge of this complicated subject.

Mr. Newell has a double interest in the approaching election. Not only is he anxious for the success of his former protege, but his reputation as a prophet is at stake. When Ben was five or six years old, Newell was one day engaged in a hot political discussion with Mr. Delaplane, a rabid Democrat, who contended that his party would soon crush out all opposition, and reign supreme. "No, sir!" said Mr. Newell, with heat, "you can't do it! We're going to beat you all to pieces, and this boy here (catching up Ben in his brawny hands, and holding him in Delaplane's face) is going to be our Governor one of these days!"

The prediction so unthinkingly made, thirty years ago, is now on the verge of fulfillment,

AS A SOLDIER.

When he was fifteen the War of the Rebellion broke out, and his elder brother, the lamented Captain Burch Foraker, went into the army. Ben wanted to go, too. His parents very naturally objected. He was too young; besides one son was already gone, and might never return. But Ben chaffed under the restraint and finally, fearing that he would go anyhow, his parents gave a reluctant consent. By this time the second year of the war had rolled around. The Eighty-ninth O. V. I. as being recruited in Clermont, Ross and Highland counties, and Captain (afterwards Colonel) W. H. Glenn was raising a company at Hil'sboro for this regement. In this company, which became Company A, Ben Foraker volunteered. The commissioned officers of the company were then selected, but those who first put down their names were informed that the man who brought in the most recruits for the company would be first or Orderly Sergeant, the next Second Sergeant, and so on through the list of non-commissioned officers. Foraker brought in the most recruits, and thus was entitled to be Orderly Sergeant. He was but a boy sixteen years old, and knew nothing whatever about soldiering, as he said, and voluntarily gave up that place to the man who was next to him in the number of recruits, and who had some experience as a soldier, and took the Second Sergeantcy. The Eighty-ninth went immediately into active and severe service. Its terrible marches and camp privations, as well as losses in battle, rapidly thinned the ranks, and made way for promotions by loss of commissioned officers. Ben Foraker had taken part in all this service, and had become successively Orderly Sergeant Second and first Lieutenant, when, late in the summer of 1863, he was sent home on recruiting duty, and was so engaged when the great battle of Chickamauga took place. The result of that battle with the Eighty-ninth is thus stated in Whitelaw Reid's "Ohio in the War:"

"Falling back on Chattanooga our army went into intrenchments. Monday morning, at nine o'clock, Surgeon Crew, of the Eighty-ninth, sick with jaundice, and just able to ride on horseback, found himself half a mile in front of our line of battle with forty wounded, twenty sick and seventy-five well men, all that was left of the Eighty-ninth."

No other commissioned officer who went into the fight was left. All were either killed, wounded or prisoners.

"Captain Jolly, who had been at home recruiting, arrived at Chattanooga the day after the battle with the sick who had recovered. He was promoted to Major, and took command. The Eighty-ninth soon mustered two hundred men. For six weeks it lay in the marble quarry at Chattanooga with shell bursting over its camp from Lookout Mountain, subsisting on half rations, scantily clothed, and braving the rigors of winter. It witnessed Hooker's charge up the steeps of Lookout Mountain, and joined in the shout of victory as the enemy gave way and fled. The next day, when the charge was made on Mission Ridge, Major Jolly, at the head of his little band of two hundred men, led them to victory in the front of the attacking column."

Foraker had reached Chattanooga the night before Mission Ridge. He received no orders there, and got to his regiment just as it was going into battle. He instantly took command of his company, led it in the charge, and was the first man of the regiment over the enemy's works. He was then seventeen years old.

After this the Eighty-ninth was in the demonstration on Dalton Georgia. In a charge at Rocky Face, on February 25th, it had two men killed, ten wounded and two captured. The regiment then went into the campaign against Atlanta, and took part in the battles of Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Burnt Hickory, Peach tree Creek and Atlanta. Foraker took an honorable part in all this service. Shortly after the fall of Atlanta he was detailed for duty in the signal corps, and when Sherman organized his army for the march to the sea he was assigned to the staff of Major General H. W. Slocum, commanding the army of Georgia. He served in this capacity through the campaigns to the sea, and through the Carolinas, and until the close of the war, when, on the 14th day of June, 1865, he was mustered out at Camp Denison before he was yet nineteen years old.

In November, 1864, Sherman cut loose from his communications and began his famous march to the sea. With his great army he had disappeared from the outside world and was heard of no more, except through rebel sources, until he reached Savannah. Fort McAlister had been stormed on the 13th of December, and the city had surrendered on the 21st. The United States fleet lay off the mouth of the Savannah river 18 miles below the city, and the only way to let the waiting people of the North know that Sherman had got to Savannah and the sea was to reach the fleet. But the river was full of torpedos, and the banks were full of rebels. Foraker was ordered by General Slocum, then commanding the left wing of Sherman's army, to open communication between his army and the fleet. He decided that the best way to accomplish this was to descend the river. He obtained a row-boat, secured the services of two negroes to row it, and in the night started with one Orderly on the perilous trip. The boat, after running aground several times in the darkness, and being nearly capsized once or twice, reached the fleet, bringing to it the first news of the capture of Savannah. Before the fleet went up the river the torpedos were removed under the direction of the Rebel Colonel who had put them down. When ordered to take them up he had said to Sherman, "I'll be damned if I do any such drudgery!" "THEN YOU WILL HANG TO MORROW MORNING!" said Sherman. This convinced the Rebel Colonel.

Next in the career of Sherman's army came the march through the Carolinas, with frequent skirmishing, and sometimes more severe fighting with Johnson, until the vicinity of Goldsboro and Bentonville was reached. What occurred there is thus told by Whitelaw Reed:

"For now, while Sherman, deflecting his columns to the right to move straight on Bentonville and Goldsboro, felt sure that no further interruption was intended, and went off to open communication with Schofield's column from the sea coast, Johnson had improved the day's delay, had gathered his troops together, and selected, with all his old skill, formidable positions of defense, and had fortified them. Suddenly the left wing, marching in all the confidence of Sherman's belief that he was now past any danger of attack, came fairly upon Johnson's skirmishers. A fierce assault speedily followed, driving in the Union advance with loss of guns and provisions. Slocum hurriedly sent word to Sherman that he was confronted by Johnson's whole army, and then made such preparations for defense as the instant would permit, * * * The assault placed Slocum in great peril, but after recovering from the first sudden onslaught he lost no more ground. It was hard to persuade Sherman that anything serious was going on, but when convinced he hurried over reinforcements from the other wing, and Johnson was pushed into his works.

The messenger by whom Slocum "hurriedly sent word to Sherman" was Ben Foraker. Slocum was in command of the left wing, marching on a separate road. Sherman was with Howard's wing of the army, marching on another road some seven or eight miles to the right. Slocum had been checked some little time, and Howard was going on. Johnson was in front of Slocum, in the woods, with about twenty five thousand men. To reach Sherman with Howard it was necessary to go around the left flank of the Rebel army. Slocum's injunction to Foraker when he started was: "Be careful, but don't spare horse flesh." He observed the injunction, got to Sherman in safety, obtained from him an order to bring to Slocum's aid Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps, and succeeded in arriving with it upon the battle-field at three o'clock in the morning. It was for these services that, while the army was lying at Raleigh, he was commissioned Brevet Captain of United States Volunteers upon the special recommendation of General Slocum.

AS A MAN.

The war being over, Foraker came home, and at once began his efforts for a better education. In this he was assisted by his brother, Burch, who had also passed through the perils of the war, and had successfully started in business in Hillsboro. The most ardent fraternal affection existed between the brothers, and when a few years after, Burch Foraker died, it was a terrible blow to Ben. He studied awhile at South Salem, Ross county, was two years at the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, then went to Cornell, and was graduated in its first class in 1869. He had been studying the law during his collegiate course, and upon his graduation entered the office of Judge James Sloane, then practicing in Cincinnati. He was admitted to the bar in the fall of that year, and at once began practice. He had no influential friends, and no acquaintance even, in Cincinnati, and for a year or two his practice was not large. It was not very long, however, before his genial manners, untiring energy, solid abilities, and stern integrity began to make his way, and his practice extended into "every grade of court, from a Justice of the Peace to the Supreme Court of the United States."

He was married October 4th, 1870, to Miss Julia Bundy, a daughter of Hon. H. S. Bundy, of Jackson, Ohio.

He was nominated for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1876, but was defeated by the notorious Eph Holland frauds of that year. He was again nominated for County Solicitor in the Spring of 1878, without his knowledge or consent and against his wishes, but recognizing the claims of his party upon him, he remained on the ticket, to be defeated with it by a majority of 2,000, with which the Democracy swept the county. In the fall of 1876 Judge Baxter, of the U. S. Supreme Court, appointed him Chief Supervisor of Elections for the Southern District of Ohio. This position he also took much against his wishes, but having accepted it, he administered its duties with such manifest fairness that even the Democrats took occasion, when the elections of that fall were being investigated by a Congressional committee, to put upon record, as due to him, that they had no fault to find with him as the officer of the law. They conceded that his administration of it had been all that it should have been. In the spring of 1879 he was elected to the Superior Court bench for a full term of five years.

He remained upon the bench for about three years, when he resigned because of ill health. When it became known in Cincinnati that Judge Foraker intended to resign, he was most strongly urged by the bar of the city and his many friends, without regard to party, to remain upon the bench, and to take a long vacation until he should regain his health. And even after his resignation was forwarded, telegrams were sent to Governor Foster urging that it be not accepted. Among the many gentlemen sending these telegrams, were Hon. M. F. Force, Hon. Geoge Hoadly, Hon. Aaron F. Perry, Hon. E. W. Kittredge, and Hon. John W. Warington.

From boyhood Judge Foraker has been an active supporter of the Republican party. During the war he supported its principles and the country, as a soldier. After the war he was in favor of all the great reconstruction measures intended to secure the fruits of the victory and to insure the rights of the late slaves. In 1874, Judge Foraker, at a Republican mass meeting in Cincinnati, spoke as follows on the civil rights question.

"The object of this bill is to prevent masked marauders from burning negro school houses, shooting negro school teachers, and keeping this innocent and inoffensive people in a state of terror, which retards their development and corrupts and demoralizes society and politics in a hundred ways. And it is right, and the Republican party is for it because it is right.

"When in Columbus the other day, I stood in our capitol building and looked with admiring gaze upon that magnificent painting, which adorns its walls, of "Perry's Victory on the Lake." There, in the midst of the death storm of that terrible conflict, as gallant looking as any of the brave faces surrounding the Commodore, is a full blooded representative of the African race. And thus it has always been since our Government was founded, on land and on sea, in adversity and prosperity, through peace and through war, this race, has been ever present with us, and never once has its faith faltered, its devotion lagged, or its courage quailed.

"They have justly earned their citizenship, and they have earned it in such a way as for us not to protect them in it would be the basest ingratitude and wrong—ingratitude and wrong for which the Nation would deserve to sink to rise no more."

After Judge Foraker left the bench, in the spring of 1882, his health rapidly improved, and he has now entirely recovered. Although he is comparatively a young man, there was no surprise among those who knew him that he should be taken from among the many able men of Hamilton county as their most available man for Governor. And they have the fullest confidence that, should his life and health be spared, what he has already done is only a presage of greater usefulness and honors. There is nothing whatever, from his very boyhood until now, that needs defense, apology or excuse, but on the contrary everything to inspire his friends with pride and hope in his future.

Death of Judge Black

Judge Jere S. Black died at his home in York, Pennsylvania, Monday morning at two o'clock after about a week's illness. The Pittsburgh Dispatch commenting on his life says:

In many respects one of the greatest men that Pennsylvania has produced passed out of life when Jeremiah Sullivan Black died yesterday morning. Not altogether a popular man in the common acceptance of that term, he was universally held in high estimation, numbering among his warmest friends even those with whom he was at daggers' points in politics, and those who constantly disagreed with him in his ideas of public policy. The firmest adherent of his friend Buchanan, he used all the weight that was possible for him to bear to change the views and the plans of action of that able but misled and uncourageous Chief Magistrate of the nation. His associations with the late President Garfield, as is generally known, were of the most intimate character. Colonel Burr in his admirable condensed story of Judge Black's life makes the statement that among the lamented President's latest inquiries were for Judge Black, and when told that he had called and was very anxious about him, he said with great feeling: "That almost pays for this!"

During many of the best years of his eventful life Judge Black was under the cloud of misrepresentation, largely due to the unwillingness of his nature to injure friendship or to satisfy public clamor. Judge Black was flatly charged with disloyalty to his country when Attorney General and Secretary of State and doubtless not even yet has that opinion been wholly eradicated from the prejudiced minds of many people. It is now known however, to all intelligent persons that he was the most active the representative opponent of secession in the Cabinet. No concession to rebels was ever at the beginning or during the war favored by him. He advised Andrew Johnson afterward against issuing the amnesty proclamation arguing that the war upon the Union was unjustified, and that the law should reach the insurrectionists.

When the future historian shall write the real history of the war of the rebellion—and the belief of many of the early, exaggerated, misrepresenting or absolutely false stories of the battles on the field and the counsels of the powers that were is already being swept away, and thoughtful writers are already modifying some great reputations and relieving some great misapprehensions—when this work is fairly done it is to be believed that then Judge Black will receive the praise he fully earned by his enthusiastic patriotism and faithfulness to his beloved country.

Aiding Irish Emigrants

The British government has, at last, fixed upon a plan for assisting Irish emigrants that is practical and humane. It contemplates the removal of 200,000 poor Irish people to Canada, they to be provided there with means to make their way in life. Some of the productive land of Canada is to be divided into sections of 100 acres each. Upon each section will be erected the necessary houses, and it will be provided with farming implements. The Irish immigrant, with his family, will be settled upon a section and furnished with seeds and everything necessary to farming. For the first three years no rent will be exacted from him; after that he must pay fifteen dollars annually, until $500 is paid, when he will acquire title to his farm. He will be accorded the privilege of buying the property at any time upon payment of $500. It is intended to move ten thousand Irish families, comprising fifty thousand people, to Canada under this arrangement next spring, and others will follow as fast as preparations are made.

EVERY child that is unfortunate enough to be born in Madagascar on Friday, is carried to the nearest wood, laid in a shallow hole, and left to its fate, Friday being held in Madagascar, as in many other countries, to be an unlucky day. By a very different process of reasoning, certain children born on Sunday are also doomed to death by exposure. Sunday being a lucky day, it is considered that Sunday's bairns, whose fathers hold high rank will, if they are allowed to grow up, become dangerous to their progenitors, and they are therefore put out of the way lest trouble should ensue. Twins, too, are killed, and every infant whose birth has caused the death of its mother is destroyed, because according to the law of the Sakhalavas, it is a murderer. And when a child is born at midnight, it is customary to place it next day upon a path by which oxen go to water. If the beasts do not touch it on their way, the infant's life is saved; but if a hoof or a hair brushes it, no matter how lightly, the child is slain.

UNCLE SAM will soon be prepared to carry a letter for you for two cents to any part of this country. The Postoffice Department was organized in 1789. The first schedule of rates was: For every letter consisting of one piece of paper, for any distance not exceeding 40 miles, 8 cents; for any distance not exceeding 90 miles, 10 cents; not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents; not exceeding 300 miles, 17 cents; not exceeding 400 miles, 20 cents; any distance over 500 miles, 25 cents.

HOADLY'S VIEWS.

As to the Temperance Question.

In Favor of Low License, and Don't Want Adherents of the Second Amendment to Vote for Him.

Judge Hoadly spoke at Zoar, Tuscarawas county, last Friday night. In discussing the temperance question he said:

* * * * We would not allow any man to traffic who was a bad character or who could be proved to have violated the law. In other words, we would return to the system of our fathers before 1851, under which Ohio was a sober State—far more sober than she is to-day—and under WHICH A MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER COULD GET A LICENSE BY PAYING FROM $5 TO $50 TO DEAL IN INTOXICATING LIQUORS, but could not get his license renewed if he did not obey the law during his period. Now, we can not with all our efforts convert the Scott law into that kind of a law. We can not without a license amendment have that control of the traffic which is involved in that system; but we can graduate the tax, reducing it below the $100 for the smaller saloons, and increasing it for the larger ones; we can repeal the McConnelsville ordinance of local option prohibition in spots, and we can provide that the faith and credit of the State be pledged that the tax shall not be increased during the period it is levied; and that the man who takes out the license shall be allowed to sell his license; and that the man who takes out his license shall be permitted to change the place of his trade. In other words, without repealing the Scott law absolutely, we can convert it into something very near a reasonable, graduated license law, but with this great and important omission—that we can not have control of the traffic, so as to keep it in good hands until we have a license amendment, and the Republican party will never give us one if it can help it. Why do I say that? Because at the last session of the General Assembly they submitted three amendments—two to the people and the other to the House of Representatives. The two that were submitted to the people you are familiar with.

The first amendment is for Legislative control; but it has got in it the vicious proposition that the tax under that amendment may be for the purposes of destruction, and not for the purposes of protection; and the second amendment they submitted is the amendment for prohibition, absolute and simple. And then the Senate, by a unanimous vote except one—Mr. Pollard being the only member of the Senate who voted against it—submitted a license clause. Every member of the Senate, except Mr. Pollard, every Republican, voted for it. When it got down to the House it could not carry. Why? Because the Republican party knew if it was submitted—now that the times are changed, now that the danger of prohibition is before the people—a fair and square license proposition would carry. Therefore it did not pass the House.

It passed the Republican Senate by 34 to 1. It went to the House. It got all the Democratic votes and a minority of the Republican votes, but it was voted down by a Republican majority, preventing it carrying the necessary number of votes to submit it to the people; and, therefore, we are compelled to choose between the present Constitution for these two years to come, until we can submit another amendment, or adopt one of the two amendments which are submitted already. What is called "legislative control" has a provision that the tax may be used for destruction and absolute prohibition.

Now, this is the condition of the temperance question as it is presented to the people of Ohio. I tell you a majority of the Republican party mean to go, step by step, until they land you Republicans where the Republicans of Kansas, and Iowa, and Indiana, and Maine, and most of the New England States, have already landed—IN A DECLARATION FOR ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION. IF YOU ARE IN FAVOR OF THAT, VOTE AGAINST ME. I ASK NO VOTE OF ANY MAN WHO BELIEVES THAT MAN'S PERSONAL LIBERTY OUGHT TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE DESPOTIC HAND OF A CONSTITUTION FORBIDDING ALL TRAFFIC IN THE USE OF THIS SPECIES OF MERCHANDISE. [Applause.]

Bourbonism in Kentucky.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Proctor Knott's majority for Governor will not vary much from 49,000, a Democratic gain of 2,000. Asbury, the negro candidate for Register, is defeated by over 60,000 majority. These fuller returns also reverse the first indications as to the proposition to hold a constitutional convention and show it to be largely defeated.

This was by far the biggest stake in the election. If there is one State that seems to stand in need of a new constitution more than another it is Kentucky. The one she has is practically that framed for her when she was but a promising wilderness, in 1800. It is antiquated and awkward, and illy suited to the needs of a progressive State. Under it, voting has to be *viva voce* and State elections are held in August, when hot weather and harvest work keeps many voters away. The per capita tax for school purposes is but $1.40, and illiteracy is increasing. The laws are lax, and the condition of things under them offers few inducements to settlers or capitalists desirous of investing. The unrestricted pardoning power conferred on the Governor conduces very little to the safety of life and property, especially when it is so scandalously exercised as by the present incumbent, who has during his term of office thus far extended executive clemency to 800 criminals, many of them murderers.

In the face of this state of things it was natural that the more enterprising, intelligent and progressive people of the State should demand a change. Yet it is not surprising that they did not get it. To overcome the Bourbonism and ignorance of the backwoods districts would be hard enough under any circumstances. The rules governing the calling of a constitutional convention made it doubly difficult. According to these the Legislature has to decide within 20 days after assembling to submit a proposition for a constitutional convention to the people, to be voted on at the next State election; the proposition has to be again submitted at the following session of the Legislature and to be voted on a second time the next succeeding State election. A majority of all the voters is required on both occasions for the adoption of a proposition for a change. Under the old law the assessors of election were entitled to ten cents for every name on the poll-books. It was therefore in the interest of the assessors to draw on their imagination and to have the cradle and the grave represented. Not more than three-fourths of the number on the registry ever voted, and the last Kentucky Legislature passed a law providing that the judges of election should add the number who in their opinion were entitled to vote to those who voted. This should be taken as the aggregate vote, and if one-half of that number cast their ballots for the convention proposition it should be declared carried.

With such odds in position and the lack of any livelier issue, or a sharp contest to bring out a full vote, it is a small wonder that Bourbonism has been able to hold the entrenchments.

McLEAN WINS.

The Enquirer Having been Read Out of the Party, Shows Surprising Vigor—A Monkey and Parrot Time in Hamilton County

From the News Journal's (Dem.) Report of the Democratic County Convention.

There was a convention held at the Highland House yesterday which purported to be a Democratic gathering, an assembling of representative Democrats for the purpose of nominating a party ticket to be voted for next October. Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for calling the convention to order. Last night thousands of honest Democrats earnestly expressed the wish that the hour mentioned had never ventured near the Highland House. The proceedings, which follow in detail, are not calculated to lighten the hearts of true Democratic readers this morning, if the general drift of opinion as expressed last night can be regarded as significant. The vital point in the proceedings of the gathering, and one in which every Democrat is interested, came to the surface at the very beginning of the session, and gave rise to a piece of dishonorable work that brought the blush of shame to every reputable and thinking man in the hall. The question was whether men legally elected as delegates to represent a thoroughly Democratic constituency should be permitted to have a voice in the proceedings of the convention, or whether they should be forcibly and dishonestly dispossessed of their rights. This issue was fairly and squarely raised in the convention yesterday, and it was decided by the majority of a body of men who called themselves Democrats, that lawfully elected representatives were not entitled to lend their aid and judgment in shaping the course of the good ship, Democracy. This statement on its face appears to be preposterous, but the action of the convention in the matter was absolutely dishonest and dishonorable. The foundation of the party, the rights of free speech and free vote, were disregarded, and decency thrown to the dogs.

The villainous scheme, which was born of the mind of Democracy's worst enemies, was concocted, as all know, to further the selfish designs and gratify the personal hatred of one man, and his name is John R. McLean. In the accomplishment of his scheme he not only degraded himself, but stained the fair escutcheon of his party with the foul blot of corruption. He purchased with promises and more potent considerations the absolute control of the Democratic convention. Before the meeting of the executive committee he had "fixed" his ticket, and "fixed" the agencies through which he carried out his designs. The most important of these was the committee on credentials, and this was firmly anchored and armed with five reliable (?) men, with L. G. Bernard at the helm. The primary elections occurred, and the McLeanites met with defeat, the majority of the legally elected delegates being men who were unpledged. The McLeanites openly boasted that no man opposed, either actively or passively, to the McLean interest would be allowed to have a voice in the convention, and the result proves that the boasts were not idle words. Every elected delegation opposed to the McLean interest was contested. The committee on credentials met in a saloon late Friday night and heard the contests, but reserved all decisions, and refused to make any statement as to their number. It is understood that about one half the city precincts were thus put in the hands of this committee. In many cases the contestees did not know that their rights were being questioned, and of course had no hearing. The committee reported—that is, Mr. McLean published a list of his delegates—and the committee tendered a copy of this to the convention as its report. By this means almost 200 legally elected delegates were ruled out, and when the question came before the convention almost one half of those voting were acting as judges and jury on their own cases. This is the way in which the Democratic party has been misused to gratify a selfish mind.

The proceedings of the convention, if such it can be called—better should it be branded "McLean's wake"—were disgraceful in the extreme and insulting to the party. The ticket nominated is, with a few exceptions, the slate ticket that had been "fixed" some days ago, and pledged to carry out a certain policy and become the servient tools of an unscrupulous man. Disorder reigned supreme from the first stroke of the chairman's gavel until the last delegate was carried away.

FIVE fat hogs were lying under a shade tree near Richmond, Ky., when it was struck by lightning. Instantly they rolled over on the broad of their backs and stuck their legs up as stiff as pokers. The owner sent a colored man out an hour afterward with a butcher knife to bleed them so the meat would not be spoiled. They were as rigid as if frozen, but as soon as the knife came in contact with the flesh there was a flash of fire along the blade, the negro severely shocked and the hog relieved from the spell. They appeared to be all right as soon as the electricity was drawn out of them, except they were a little crazy for awhile and wanted to run off.

RAVAGES OF CHOLERA.

A Physician's Recollection of an Epidemic in Russia...Something for Americans to Consider.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dr. C. H. Von Klein, of Hamilton, Ohio, is perhaps the only physician in the United States who went through the terrible cholera epidemic in Russia in 1878-9. Dr. Von Klein was a surgeon in the Russian army in the war between Russia and Turkey, and was the only American physician in the Russian service proper. The unfortunate Dr. Lamson was appointed by the English Red Cross and was assigned to the Armenian troops, where he served with distinction, and was afterward decorated by the princess of Armenia. Dr. Von Klein has a very vivid recollection of the dreadful scenes. When he was mustered out of the service at the close of the war the cholera was raging at Astrakhan and other smaller towns on the line of Siberia. People were dying by the hundreds, and a semi-panic had taken possession of the inhabitants. They were fleeing from town to town and finding relief nowhere. Astrakhan is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants, and adjacent to it were a dozen villages of from 3,000 to 6,000 each. In all of these cholera had been prevailing for some months.

Dr. Von Klein was one of a staff of army physicians who were requested by the government to go into the infected region and break up the epidemic, if possible. When they arrived at Astrakhan the mortality was great and all kinds of business was practically suspended. The local physicians were all dead or powerless to help the people. Burials were made in the night time and the dead were hurried out of sight, sometimes three and four in one grave. Every measure was taken to stop the spread of the disease, but to no purpose. The towns were put in as good sanitary order as the means at hand would admit. Tar, sulphur and juniper trees were burned in the streets, the burning of the juniper giving the most satisfactory results. The disease had taken such complete hold of the towns that nothing could be done, and, after a consultation with the government, it was decided to burn the infected villages that were past hope. Astrakhan was spared, but five other towns of consequence were obliterated by fire. The inhabitants were removed to the country, the afflicted taken to hospitals and then the torch was applied. The towns were fired at several places, and one by one were speedily blotted out. In this way the scourge was checked after eight months. It was heroic treatment, but Dr. Von Klein thought it was the only thing to do, seeing that the whole country was threatened. Eight thousand persons died during this epidemic in a very small area.

The doctor thought that sufficient precautions were not now being taken in American cities in view of the epidemic along the Nile. If it reaches European ports he thinks we may expect it here. He thinks all vessels from the Mediterranean should be rigidly excluded from our ports. All suspected vessels and passengers should be quarantined at least sixty days, and all luggage and baled goods opened and ventilated in the most thorough manner. The neighboring governments of Canada, Mexico and Cuba should be asked to co-operate with us.

In the event of the disease reaching our shores the doctor recommends that every family should take great precaution against it, and it would be better if this were done right away. Cellars should be kept clean and dry, and yards and alleys put in the best condition possible. Tar should be burned about the house and inside of it. The wood of the juniper tree, or juniper berries he regarded as even better than tar for this purpose. Either or all of these could be burned in the house. As to food, oat-meal, cracked wheat and sweet milk are good. Eat sparingly of meats. Fowl and game are less hurtful than beef. Vegetables increase the temperature of the body, and should be avoided as a rule.

Sorghum Getting the Better of Glucose.

Chicago Times.

A writer who signs himself "Glucose Stockholder" sends a communication, with the head-line "For Sale or Rent" to The Chicago Grocer, that is refreshing in its frankness, and from which it would seem that the glucose market is getting decidedly sway-backed. It says:

"Any number of glucose factories, costing from $50,000 to $1,500,000 each, located in various parts of the country, are now lying idle. The reasons for offering to sell or rent are that an unappreciative public does not respond to our philanthropic endeavor to furnish a bastard sweet at the price of genuine sugar. Nobody asks for glucose. No housewife buys it for culinary purposes nor for putting up her fruit. We have been compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients to get it used at all; have had to flavor or color it with cane or sorghum goods to make it pass as a table sirup. We mix it with cane sugar, but the public rebels. We smuggle it into confectionery, and are able in these ways to work off a good deal, but it is a good deal of trouble to cover up our tracks. Then again, the pesky sorghum men are making a genuine sirup equal to the best from sugar cane, one gallon of which will sweeten as much as two and one-half of ours, which they sell about as cheap as we can sell ours. Last year they made 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 gallons, and will largely increase the amount this year. Under all these discouraging circumstances we have decided to permanently retire from the business, and offer for sale or rent almost our entire plant, aggregating in cost from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. Our factories can be utilized for various manufacturing purposes, whose products will not be so objectionable to the public as ours have been. For further information and terms apply to any of us."

[illegible] Grave.

Uniontown Genius of Liberty.

Passing along the McClellandtown road, in Fayette county, I naturally looked over toward the cemetery and could distinctly see the fresh earth of the new mound. Observing something white on it, I thought it could not be a slab, as his friends are to move him to his native place in Ohio, beside his father. I, however, solved the mystery by turning from the public road into a little shady avenue leading to the gate, where I walked on myrtle until I reached the desired spot, and there I saw a [illegible] fresh from [illegible] —bordered with blush rosebuds, each bedded in mignonette, and then closely filled with fragrant white lilies. I said to myself as all

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OUR STANDARD BEARER.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

Judge J. B. Foraker the Republican Candidate for Governor

AS A BOY.

Nine miles west of Bainbridge, on the high lands that border the Rocky Fork—that most picturesque of Ohio streams—lies the pretty little farming village of Rainsboro. It is the larger of the two voting precincts of Paint township, Highland county; and out of its three hundred votes casts a Republican majority of from sixty-five to eighty at every election But that majority will be doubled the present fall, for at the head of this year's Republican ticket stands a name which all Highland county, and especially all paint township, delights to honor—JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER To the people thereabout he is not "Judge Foraker," nor even "Mister," but just plain Ben, and they speak the familiar title with an evident emphasis of liking and approbation. Not that they are at all insensible to the honors so bravely and so early won, but first and foremost they esteem the individuality of the man whom they have watched and loved from infancy up, and whose record stands before them without a blot. He has a host of relatives all through the county, and everybody is his friend besides.

A third of a mile north of Rainsboro, a lane leads from the New Petersburg pike back into the woods. Half a mile in, amid a little grove of noble trees, stands a neat, cosy frame house, now occupied by Henry Foraker, a second cousin of the Judge. The older part of the building was the later addition to a large log cabin—now demolished—which the older Foraker built when he came from the State of Delaware, and in which Ben was born in July, 1846

In April, 1848, the family removed to Reece's saw and grist mill—the most westerly of the three mills upon Rocky Fork, and situated about four miles above Rainsboro—there remaining for twenty three years Here Ben passed his boyhood, and began to develop the admirable traits which have marked—and, indeed, have largely shaped his whole career. He was noted, from the start, for remarkable energy, push and perseverance. Never content to be merely among the best, the boy strove to be *the* best. It was so in his lessons, in his childish sports, in everything There was no envy in his ambition, no desire to push others down, but a manly determination to "work for all he was worth." He did not plan to rest on any success, so long as a higher success was attainable

Sam Newell, long-time miller on the Fork, was Ben's prime favorite in those early days. A great reader of the newspapers, and a man well informed on all the questions of the day, he never tired of answering the countless questions put to him by the boy; who was insatiate in his thirst for information Ben's interest in politics began almost with his infancy, and as a boy he acquired a most unusual knowledge of this complicated subject.

Mr. Newell has a double interest in the approaching election. Not only is he anxious for the success of his former protege, but his reputation as a prophet is at stake. When Ben was five or six years old, Newell was one day engaged in a hot political discussion with Mr. Delaplane, a rabid Democrat, who contended that his party would soon crush out all opposition, and reign supreme. "No, sir!" said Mr. Newell, with heat, "you can't do it! We're going to beat you all to pieces, and this boy here (catching up Ben in his brawny hands, and holding him in Delaplane's face) is going to be our Governor one of these days!"

The prediction so unthinkingly made, thirty years ago, is now on the verge of fulfillment,

AS A SOLDIER.

When he was fifteen the War of the Rebellion broke out, and his elder brother, the lamented Captain Burch Foraker, went into the army Ben wanted to go, too. His parents very naturally objected. He was too young; besides one son was already gone, and might never return. But Ben chafed under the restraint and finally, fearing that he would go anyhow, his parents gave a reluctant consent. By this time the second year of the war had rolled around. The Eighty-ninth O. V. I as being recruited in Clermont, Ross and Highland counties, and Captain (afterwards Colonel) W H. Glenn was raising a company at Hillsboro for this regement. In this company, which became Company A, Ben Foraker volunteered The commissioned officers of the company were then selected, but those who first put down their names were informed that the man who brought in the most recruits for the company would be first or Orderly Sergeant, the next Second Sergeant, and so on through the list of non-commissioned officers. Foraker brought in the most recruits, and thus was entitled to be Orderly Sergeant He was but a boy sixteen years old, and knew nothing whatever about soldiering, as he said, and voluntarily gave up that place to the man who was next to him in the number of recruits, and who had some experience as a soldier, and took the Second Sergeantcy. The Eighty-ninth went immediately into active and severe service. Its terrible marches and camp privations, as well as losses in battle, rapidly thinned the ranks, and made way for promotions by loss of commissioned officers. Ben Foraker had taken part in all this service, and had become successively Orderly Sergeant Second and first Lieutenant, when, late in the summer of 1863, he was sent home on recruiting duty, and was so engaged when the great battle of Chickamauga took place. The result of that battle with the Eighty-ninth is thus stated in Whitelaw Reid's "Ohio in the War:"

"Falling back on Chattanooga our army went into intrenchments. Monday morning, at nine o'clock, Surgeon Crew, of the Eighty-ninth, sick with jaundice, and just able to ride on horseback, found himself half a mile in front of our line of battle with forty wounded, twenty sick and seventy-five well men, all that was left of the Eighty-ninth."

No other commissioned officer who went into the fight was left. All were either killed, wounded or prisoners.

"Captain Jolly, who had been at home recruiting, arrived at Chattanooga the day after the battle with the sick who had recovered. He was promoted to Major, and took command. The Eighty-ninth soon mustered two hundred men. For six weeks it lay in the marble quarry at Chattanooga with shell bursting over its camp from Lookout Mountain, subsisting on half rations, scantily clothed, and braving the rigors of winter. It witnessed Hooker's charge up the steeps of Lookout Mountain, and joined in the shout of victory as the enemy gave way and fled The next day, when the charge was made on Mission Ridge, Major Jolly, at the head of his little band of two hundred men, led them to victory in the front of the attacking column"

Foraker had reached Chattanooga the night before Mission Ridge. He received no orders there, and got to his regiment just as it was going into battle He instantly took command of his company, led it in the charge, and was the first man of the regiment over the enemy's works He was then seventeen years old.

After this the Eighty-ninth was in the demonstration on Dalton Georgia In a charge at Rocky Face, on February 25th, it had two men killed, ten wounded and two captured. The regiment then went into the campaign against Atlanta, and took part in the battles of Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Burnt Hickory, Peach-tree Creek and Atlanta. Foraker took an honorable part in all this service. Shortly after the fall of Atlanta he was detailed for duty in the signal corps, and when Sherman organized his army for the march to the sea he was assigned to the staff of Major General H. W. Slocum, commanding the army of Georgia. He served in this capacity through the campaigns to the sea, and through the Carolinas, and until the close of the war, when, on the 14th day of June, 1865, he was mustered out at Camp Denison before he was yet nineteen years old.

In November, 1864, Sherman cut loose from his communications and began his famous march to the sea. With his great army he had disappeared from the outside world and was heard of no more, except through rebel sources, until he reached Savannah Fort McAlister had been stormed on the 13th of December, and the city had surrendered on the 21st The United States fleet lay off the mouth of the Savannah river 18 miles below the city, and the only way to let the waiting people of the North know that Sherman had got to Savannah and the sea was to reach the fleet. But the river was full of torpedos, and the banks were full of rebels. Foraker was ordered by General Slocum, then commanding the left wing of Sherman's army, to open communication between his army and the fleet. He decided that the best way to accomplish this was to descend the river. He obtained a row-boat, secured the services of two negroes to row it, and in the night started with one Orderly on the perilous trip. The boat, after running aground several times in the darkness, and being nearly capsized once or twice, reached the fleet, bringing to it the first news of the capture of Savannah. Before the fleet went up the river the torpedos were removed under the direction of the Rebel Colonel who had put them down. When ordered to take them up he had said to Sherman, "I'll be damned if I do any such drudgery!" "THEN YOU WILL HANG TO MORROW MORNING!" said Sherman This convinced the Rebel Colonel.

Next in the career of Sherman's army came the march through the Carolinas, with frequent skirmishing, and sometimes more severe fighting with Johnson, until the vicinity of Goldsboro and Bentonville was reached. What occurred there is thus told by Whitelaw Reed:

"For now, while Sherman, deflecting his columns to the right to move straight on Bentonville and Goldsboro, felt sure that no further interruption was intended, and went off to open communication with Schofield's column from the sea coast, Johnson had improved the day's delay, had gathered his troops together, and selected, with all his old skill, formidable positions of defense, and had fortified them Suddenly the left wing, marching in all the confidence of Sherman's belief that he was now past any danger of attack, came fairly upon Johnson's skirmishers A fierce assault speedily followed, driving in the Union advance with loss of guns and provisions Slocum hurriedly sent word to Sherman that he was confronted by Johnson's whole army, and then made such preparations for defense as the instant would permit, * * * The assault placed Slocum in great peril, but after recovering from the first sudden onslaught he lost no more ground. It was hard to persuade Sherman that anything serious was going on, but when convinced he hurried over reinforcements from the other wing, and Johnson was pushed into his works.

The messenger by whom Slocum "hurriedly sent word to Sherman" was Ben Foraker. Slocum was in command of the left wing, marching on a separate road. Sherman was with Howard's wing of the army, marching on another road some seven or eight miles to the right. Slocum had been checked some little time, and Howard was going on. Johnson was in front of Slocum, in the woods, with about twenty five thousand men. To reach Sherman with Howard it was necessary to go around the left flank of the Rebel army. Slocum's injunction to Foraker when he started was: "Be careful, but don't spare horse flesh." He observed the injunction, got to Sherman in safety, obtained from him an order to bring to Slocum's aid Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps, and succeeded in arriving with it upon the battle-field at three o'clock in the morning It was for these services that, while the army was lying at Raleigh, he was commissioned Brevet Captain of United States Volunteers upon the special recommendation of General Slocum.

AS A MAN.

The war being over, Foraker came home, and at once began his efforts for a better education. In this he was assisted by his brother, Burch, who had also passed through the perils of the war, and had successfully started in business in Hillsboro. The most ardent fraternal affection existed between the brothers, and when a few years after, Burch Foraker died, it was a terrible blow to Ben. He studied awhile at South Salem, Ross county, was two years at the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, then went to Cornell, and was graduated in its first class in 1869. He had been studying the law during his collegiate course, and upon his graduation entered the office of Judge James Sloane, then practicing in Cincinnati. He was admitted to the bar in the fall of that year, and at once began practice. He had no influential friends, and no acquaintance even, in Cincinnati, and for a year or two his practice was not large It was not very long, however, before his genial manners, untiring energy, solid abilities, and stern integrity began to make his way, and his practice extended into "every grade of court, from a Justice of the Peace to the Supreme Court of the United States."

He was married October 4th, 1870, to Miss Julia Bundy, a daughter of Hon. H. S Bundy, of Jackson, Ohio.

He was nominated for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1876, but was defeated by the notorious Eph Holland frauds of that year. He was again nominated for County Solicitor in the Spring of 1878, without his knowledge or consent and against his wishes, but recognizing the claims of his party upon him, he remained on the ticket, to be defeated with it by a majority of 2,000, with which the Democracy swept the county. In the fall of 1876 Judge Baxter, of the U. S. Supreme Court, appointed him Chief Supervisor of Elections for the Southern District of Ohio. This position he also took much against his wishes, but having accepted it, he administered its duties with such manifest fairness that even the Democrats took occasion, when the elections of that fall were being investigated by a Congressional committee, to put upon record, as due to him, that they had no fault to find with him as the officer of the law. They conceded that his administration of it had been all that it should have been. In the spring of 1879 he was elected to the Superior Court bench for a full term of five years.

He remained upon the bench for about three years, when he resigned because of ill health. When it became known in Cincinnati that Judge Foraker intended to resign, he was most strongly urged by the bar of the city and his many friends, without regard to party, to remain upon the bench, and to take a long vacation until he should regain his health. And even after his resignation was forwarded, telegrams were sent to Governor Foster urging that it be not accepted. Among the many gentlemen sending these telegrams, were Hon. M. F. Force, Hon. Geoge Hoadly, Hon. Aaron F. Perry, Hon. E. W. Kittredge, and Hon. John W. Warrington.

From boyhood Judge Foraker has been an active supporter of the Republican party. During the war he supported its principles and the country, as a soldier. After the war he was in favor of all the great reconstruction measures intended to secure the fruits of the victory and to insure the rights of the late slaves. In 1874, Judge Foraker, at a Republican mass meeting in Cincinnati, spoke as follows on the civil rights question.

"The object of this bill is to prevent masked marauders from burning negro school houses, shooting negro school teachers, and keeping this innocent and inoffensive people in a state of terror, which retards their development and corrupts and demoralizes society and politics in a hundred ways. And it is right, and the Republican party is for it because it is right.

"When in Columbus the other day, I stood in our capitol building and looked with admiring gaze upon that magnificent painting, which adorns its walls, of "Perry's Victory on the Lake" There, in the midst of the death storm of that terrible conflict, as gallant looking as any of the brave faces surrounding the Commodore, is a full blooded representative of the African race. And thus it has always been since our Government was founded, on land and on sea, in adversity and prosperity, through peace and through war, this race has been ever present with us, and never once has its faith faltered, its devotion lagged, or its courage quailed.

"They have justly earned their citizenship, and they have earned it in such a way as for us not to protect them in it would be the basest ingratitude and wrong—ingratitude and wrong for which the Nation would deserve to sink to rise no more."

After Judge Foraker left the bench, in the spring of 1882, his health rapidly improved, and he has now entirely recovered. Although he is comparatively a young man, there was no surprise among those who knew him that he should be taken from among the many able men of Hamilton county as their most available man for Governor. And they have the fullest confidence that, should his life and health be spared, what he has already done is only a presage of greater usefulness and honors. There is nothing whatever, from his very boyhood until now, that needs defense; apology or excuse, but on the contrary everything to inspire his friends with pride and hope in his future.

Death of Judge Black

Judge Jere S. Black died at his home in York, Pennsylvania, Monday morning at two o'clock after about a week's illness. The Pittsburgh Dispatch commenting on his life says:

In many respects one of the greatest men that Pennsylvania has produced passed out of life when Jeremiah Sullivan Black died yesterday morning. Not altogether a popular man in the common acceptance of that term, he was universally held in high estimation, numbering among his warmest friends even those with whom he was at daggers' points in politics, and those who constantly disagreed with him in his ideas of public policy. The firmest adherent of his friend Buchanan, he used all the weight that was possible for him to bear to change the views and the plans of action of that able but misled and uncourageous Chief Magistrate of the nation His associations with the late President Garfield, as is generally known, were of the most intimate character. Colonel Burr in his admirable condensed story of Judge Black's life makes the statement that among the lamented President's latest inquiries were for Judge Black, and when told that he had called and was very anxious about him, he said with great feeling: "That almost pays for this!"

During many of the best years of his eventful life Judge Black was under the cloud of misrepresentation, largely due to the unwillingness of his nature to injure friendship or to satisfy public clamor. Judge Black was flatly charged with disloyalty to his country when Attorney General and Secretary of State and doubtless not even yet has that opinion been wholly eradicated from the prejudiced minds of many people. It is now known however, to all intelligent persons that he was the most active the representative opponent of secession in the Cabinet. No concession to rebels was ever at the beginning or during the war favored by him He advised Andrew Johnson afterward against issuing the amnesty proclamation arguing that the war upon the Union was unjustified; and that the law should reach the insurrectionists.

When the future historian shall write the real history of the war of the rebellion—and the belief of many of the early, exaggerated, misrepresenting or absolutely false stories of the battles on the field and the counsels of the powers that were is already being swept away, and thoughtful writers are already modifying some great reputations and relieving some great misapprehensions—when this work is fairly done it is to be believed that then Judge Black will receive the praise he fully earned by his enthusiastic patriotism and faithfulness to his beloved country.

Aiding Irish Emigrants

The British government has, at last, fixed upon a plan for assisting Irish emigrants that is practical and humane. It contemplates the removal of 200,000 poor Irish people to Canada, they to be provided there with means to make their way in life. Some of the productive land of Canada is to be divided into sections of 100 acres each. Upon each section will be erected the necessary houses, and it will be provided with farming implements. The Irish immigrant, with his family, will be settled upon a section and furnished with seeds and everything necessary to farming. For the first three years no rent will be exacted from him; after that he must pay fifteen dollars annually, until $500 is paid, when he will acquire title to his farm. He will be accorded the privilege of buying the property at any time upon payment of $500. It is intended to move ten thousand Irish families, comprising fifty thousand people, to Canada under this arrangement next spring, and others will follow as fast as preparations are made

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EVERY child that is unfortunate enough to be born in Madagascar on Friday, is carried to the nearest wood, laid in a shallow hole, and left to its fate, Friday being held in Madagascar, as in many other countries, to be an unlucky day. By a very different process of reasoning, certain children born on Sunday are also doomed to death by exposure Sunday being a lucky day, it is considered that Sunday's bairns, whose fathers hold high rank will, if they are allowed to grow up, become dangerous to their progenitors, and they are therefore put out of the way lest trouble should ensue. Twins, too, are killed, and every infant whose birth has caused the death of its mother is destroyed, because according to the law of the Sakhalavas, it is a murderer. And when a child is born at midnight, it is customary to place it next day upon a path by which oxen go to water. If the beasts do not touch it on their way, the infant's life is saved; but if a hoof or a hair brushes it, no matter how lightly, the child is slain.

UNCLE SAM will soon be prepared to carry a letter for you for two cents to any part of this country. The Postoffice Department was organized in 1789 The first schedule of rates was: For every letter consisting of one piece of paper, for any distance not exceeding 40 miles, 8 cents; for any distance not exceeding 90 miles, 10 cents; not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents; not exceeding 300 miles, 17 cents; not exceeding 400 miles, 20 cents; any distance over 500 miles, 25 cents.

HOADLY'S VIEWS.

As to the Temperance Question.

In Favor of Low License, and Don't Want Adherents of the Second Amendment to Vote for Him.

Judge Hoadly spoke at Zoar, Tuscarawas county, last Friday night. In discussing the temperance question he said:

* * * * We would not allow any man to traffic who was a bad character or who could be proved to have violated the law. In other words, we would return to the system of our fathers before 1851, under which Ohio was a sober State—far more sober than she is to-day—and under WHICH A MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER COULD GET A LICENSE BY PAYING FROM $5 TO $50 TO DEAL IN INTOXICATING LIQUORS, but could not get his license renewed if he did not obey the law during his period. Now, we can not with all our efforts convert the Scott law into that kind of a law. We can not without a license amendment have that control of the traffic which is involved in that system; but we can graduate the tax, reducing it below the $100 for the smaller saloons, and increasing it for the larger ones; we can repeal the McConnelsville ordinance of local option prohibition in spots, and we can provide that the faith and credit of the State be pledged that the tax shall not be increased during the period it is levied; and that the man who takes out the license shall be allowed to sell his license; and that the man who takes out his license shall be permitted to change the place of his trade. In other words, without repealing the Scott law absolutely, we can convert it into something very near a reasonable, graduated license law, but with this great and important omission—that we can not have control of the traffic, so as to keep it in good hands until we have a license amendment, and the Republican party will never give us one if it can help it. Why do I say that? Because at the last session of the General Assembly they submitted three amendments—two to the people and the other to the House of Representatives. The two that were submitted to the people you are familiar with.

The first amendment is for Legislative control; but it has got in it the vicious proposition that the tax under that amendment may be for the purposes of destruction, and not for the purposes of protection; and the second amendment they submitted is the amendment for prohibition, absolute and simple. And then the Senate, by a unanimous vote except one—Mr. Pollard being the only member of the Senate who voted against it—submitted a license clause Every member of the Senate, except Mr. Pollard, every Republican, voted for it. When it got down to the House it could not carry. Why? Because the Republican party knew if it was submitted—now that the times are changed, now that the danger of prohibition is before the people—a fair and square license proposition would carry. Therefore it did not pass the House.

It passed the Republican Senate by 34 to 1. It went to the House. It got all the Democratic votes and a minority of the Republican votes, but it was voted down by a Republican majority, preventing it carrying the necessary number of votes to submit it to the people; and, therefore, we are compelled to choose between the present Constitution for these two years to come, until we can submit another amendment, or adopt one of the two amendments which are submitted already. What is called "legislative control" has a provision that the tax may be used for destruction and absolute prohibition.

Now, this is the condition of the temperance question as it is presented to the people of Ohio I tell you a majority of the Republican party mean to go, step by step, until they land you Republicans where the Republicans of Kansas, and Iowa, and Indiana, and Maine, and most of the New England States, have already landed—IN A DECLARATION FOR ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION. IF YOU ARE IN FAVOR OF THAT, VOTE AGAINST ME. I ASK NO VOTE OF ANY MAN WHO BELIEVES THAT MAN'S PERSONAL LIBERTY OUGHT TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE DESPOTIC HAND OF A CONSTITUTION FORBIDDING ALL TRAFFIC IN THE USE OF THIS SPECIES OF MERCHANDISE. [Applause.]

Bourbonism in Kentucky.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Proctor Knott's majority for Governor will not vary much from 40,000, a Democratic gain of 2,000. Asbury, the negro candidate for Register, is defeated by over 60,000 majority. These fuller returns also reverse the first indications as to the proposition to hold a constitutional convention and show it to be largely defeated,

This was by far the biggest stake in the election. If there is one State that seems to stand in need of a new constitution more than another it is Kentucky. The one she has is practically that framed for her when she was but a promising wilderness, in 1800. It is antiquated and awkward, and illy suited to the needs of a progressive State. Under it, voting has to be *viva voce* and State elections are held in August, when hot weather and harvest work keeps many voters away. The per capita tax for school purposes is but $1.40, and illiteracy is increasing. The laws are lax, and the condition of things under them offers few inducements to settlers or capitalists desirous of investing. The unrestricted pardoning power conferred on the Governor conduces very little to the safety of life and property, especially when it is so scandalously exercised as by the present incumbent, who has during his term of office thus far extended executive clemency to 800 criminals, many of them murderers.

In the face of this state of things it was natural that the more enterprising, intelligent and progressive people of the State should demand a change. Yet it is not surprising that they did not get it. To overcome the Bourbonism and ignorance of the backwoods districts would be hard enough under any circumstances. The rules governing the calling of a constitutional convention made it doubly difficult. According to these the Legislature has to decide within 20 days after assembling to submit a proposition for a constitutional convention to the people, to be voted on at the next State election; the proposition has to be again submitted at the following session of the Legislature and to be voted on a second time the next succeeding State election. A majority of all the voters is required on both occasions for the adoption of a proposition for a change. Under the old law the assessors of election were entitled to ten cents for every name on the poll-books. It was therefore in the interest of the assessors to draw on their imagination and to have the cradle and the grave represented. Not more than three-fourths of the number on the registry ever voted, and the last Kentucky Legislature passed a law providing that the judges of election should add the number who in their opinion were entitled to vote to those who voted. This should be taken as the aggregate vote, and if one-half of that number cast their ballots for the convention proposition it should be declared carried.

With such odds in position and the lack of any livelier issue, or a sharp contest to bring out a full vote, it is a small wonder that Bourbonism has been able to hold the entrenchments.

McLEAN WINS.

The Enquirer Having been Read Out of the Party, Shows Surprising Vigor—A Monkey and Parrot Time in Hamilton County

From the News Journal's (Dem) Report of the Democratic County Convention.

There was a convention held at the Highland House yesterday which purported to be a Democratic gathering, an assembling of representative Democrats for the purpose of nominating a party ticket to be voted for next October. Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for calling the convention to order. Last night thousands of honest Democrats earnestly expressed the wish that the hour mentioned had never ventured near the Highland House. The proceedings, which follow in detail, are not calculated to lighten the hearts of true Democratic readers this morning, if the general drift of opinion as expressed last night can be regarded as significant. The vital point in the proceedings of the gathering, and one in which every Democrat is interested, came to the surface at the very beginning of the session, and gave rise to a piece of dishonorable work that brought the blush of shame to every reputable and thinking man in the hall. The question was whether men legally elected as delegates to represent a thoroughly Democratic constituency should be permitted to have a voice in the proceedings of the convention, or whether they should be forcibly and dishonestly dispossessed of their rights. This issue was fairly and squarely raised in the convention yesterday, and it was decided by the majority of a body of men who called themselves Democrats, that lawfully elected representatives were not entitled to lend their aid and judgment in shaping the course of the good ship Democracy. This statement on its face appears to be preposterous, but the action of the convention in the matter was absolutely dishonest and dishonorable. The foundation of the party, the rights of free speech and free vote, were disregarded, and decency thrown to the dogs.

The villainous scheme, which was born of the mind of Democracy's worst enemies, was concocted, as all know, to further the selfish designs and gratify the personal hatred of one man, and his name is John R. McLean In the accomplishment of his scheme he not only degraded himself, but stained the fair escutchen of his party with the foul blot of corruption. He purchased with promises and more potent considerations the absolute control of the Democratic convention. Before the meeting of the executive committee he had "fixed" his ticket, and "fixed" the agencies through which he carried out his designs. The most important of these was the committee on credentials, and this was firmly anchored and armed with five reliable (?) men, with L. G. Bernard at the helm. The primary elections occurred, and the McLeanites met with defeat, the majority of the legally elected delegates being men who were unpledged. The McLeanites openly boasted that no man opposed, either actively or passively, to the McLean interest would be allowed to have a voice in the convention, and the result proves that the boasts were not idle words. Every elected delegation opposed to the McLean interest was contested. The committee on credentials met in a saloon late Friday night and heard the contests, but reserved all decisions, and refused to make any statement as to their number. It is understood that about one half the city precincts were thus put in the hands of this committee. In many cases the contestees did not know that their rights were being questioned, and of course had no hearing. The committee reported—that is, Mr. McLean published a list of his delegates—and the committee tendered a copy of this to the convention as its report. By this means almost 200 legally elected delegates were ruled out, and when the question came before the convention almost one half of those voting were acting as judges and jury on their own cases. This is the way in which the Democratic party has been misused to gratify a selfish mind.

The proceedings of the convention, if such it can be called—better should it be branded "McLean's wake"—were disgraceful in the extreme and insulting to the party. The ticket nominated is, with a few exceptions, the slate ticket that had been "fixed" some days ago, and pledged to carry out a certain policy and become the servient tools of an unscrupulous man. Disorder reigned supreme from the first stroke of the chairman's gavel until the last delegate was carried away.

FIVE fat hogs were lying under a shade tree near Richmond, Ky., when it was struck by lightning. Instantly they rolled over on the broad of their backs and stuck their legs up as stiff as pokers. The owner sent a colored man out an hour afterward with a butcher knife to bleed them so the meat would not be spoiled. They were as rigid as if frozen, but as soon as the knife came in contact with the flesh there was a flash of fire along the blade, the negro severely shocked and the hog relieved from the spell. They appeared to be all right as soon as the electricity was drawn out of them, except they were a little crazy for awhile and wanted to run off.

RAVAGES OF CHOLERA.

A Physician's Recollection of an Epidemic in Russia...Something for Americans to Consider.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dr. C. H. Von Klein, of Hamilton, Ohio, is perhaps the only physician in the United States who went through the terrible cholera epidemic in Russia in 1878-9. Dr. Von Klein was a surgeon in the Russian army in the war between Russia and Turkey, and was the only American physician in the Russian service proper The unfortunate Dr. Lamson was appointed by the English Red Cross and was assigned to the Armenian troops, where he served with distinction, and was afterward decorated by the princess of Armenia. Dr Von Klein has a very vivid recollection of the dreadful scenes. When he was mustered out of the service at the close of the war the cholera was raging at Astrakhan and other smaller towns on the line of Siberia. People were dying by the hundreds, and a semi-panic had taken possession of the inhabitants. They were fleeing from town to town and finding relief nowhere. Astrakhan is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants, and adjacent to it were a dozen villages of from 8,000 to 6,000 each. In all of these cholera had been prevailing for some months.

Dr. Von Klein was one of a staff of army physicians who were requested by the government to go into the infected region and break up the epidemic, if possible. When they arrived at Astrakhan the mortality was great and all kinds of business was practically suspended. The local physicians were all dead or powerless to help the people. Burials were made in the night time and the dead were hurried out of sight, sometimes three and four in one grave. Every measure was taken to stop the spread of the disease, but to no purpose. The towns were put in as good sanitary order as the means at hand would admit. Tar, sulphur and juniper trees were burned in the streets, the burning of the juniper giving the most satisfactory results. The disease had taken such complete hold of the towns that nothing could be done, and, after a consultation with the government, it was decided to burn the infected villages that were past hope. Astrakhan was spared, but five other towns of consequence were obliterated by fire. The inhabitants were removed to the country, the afflicted taken to hospitals and then the torch was applied. The towns were fired at several places, and one by one were speedily blotted out. In this way the scourge was checked after eight months. It was heroic treatment, but Dr. Von Klein thought it was the only thing to do, seeing that the whole country was threatened. Eight thousand persons died during this epidemic in a very small area.

The doctor thought that sufficient precautions were not now being taken in American cities in view of the epidemic along the Nile. If it reaches European ports he thinks we may expect it here. He thinks all vessels from the Mediterranean should be rigidly excluded from our ports. All suspected vessels and passengers should be quarantined at least sixty days, and all luggage and baled goods opened and ventilated in the most thorough manner. The neighboring governments of Canada, Mexico and Cuba should be asked to co-operate with us.

In the event of the disease reaching our shores the doctor recommends that every family should take great precaution against it, and it would be better if this were done right away. Cellars should be kept clean and dry, and yards and alleys put in the best condition possible. Tar should be burned about the house and inside of it. The wood of the juniper tree, or juniper berries be regarded as even better than tar for this purpose. Either or all of these could be burned in the house. As to food, oat-meal, cracked wheat and sweet milk are good. Eat sparingly of meats. Fowl and game are less hurtful than beef. Vegetables increase the temperature of the body, and should be avoided as a rule.

Sorghum Getting the Better of Glucose.

Chicago Times.

A writer who signs himself "Glucose Stockholder" sends a communication, with the head-line "For Sale or Rent" to The Chicago Grocer, that is refreshing in its frankness, and from which it would seem that the glucose market is getting decidedly away-backed. It says:

"Any number of glucose factories, costing from $50,000 to $1,500,000 each, located in various parts of the country, are now lying idle. The reasons for offering to sell or rent are that an unappreciative public does not respond to our philanthropic endeavor to furnish a bastard sweet at the price of genuine sugar. Nobody asks for glucose. No housewife buys it for culinary purposes nor for putting up her fruit. We have been compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients to get it used at all; have had to flavor or color it with cane or sorghum goods to make it pass as a table sirup. We mix it with cane sugar, but the public rebels. We smuggle it into confectionery, and are able in these ways to work off a good deal, but it is a good deal of trouble to cover up our tracks. Then again, the pesky sorghum men are making a genuine sirup equal to the best from sugar cane, one gallon of which will sweeten as much as two and one-half of ours, which they sell about as cheap as we can sell ours. Last year they made 15,000,000 or [illegible],000,000 gallons, and will largely increase the amount this year. Under all these discouraging circumstances we have decided to permanently retire from the business, and offer for sale or rent almost our entire plant, aggregating in cost from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. Our factories can be utilized for various manufacturing purposes whose products will not be so objectionable to the public as ours have been. For further information and terms apply to any of us."

[illegible]

Uniontown Genius of Liberty.

Passing along the McClellandtown road, in Fayette county, I naturally looked over toward the [illegible] and could distinctly see the fresh earth of the new mound. Observing something white on it, I thought it could not be a slab, as his friends are to move him to his native place in Ohio, beside his father. I, however, solved the mystery by turning from the public road into a little shady avenue leading to the gate, where I walked on myrtle until I reached the desired spot, and there I saw a [illegible]—evidently fresh from the florist [illegible] with [illegible], each bedded in mignonette, and then closely filled with fragrant white lilies. I said to myself we all

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The Senate Vote on the Tariff on Wool.

For an increase of the tariff, 16 Republicans, 3 Democrats, and 1 Independent; against the increase of tariff, 14 Republicans and 26 Democrats. He who runs may read.

Democratic Testimony.

Let every wool grower in Coshocton county understand that in the final and decisive contest in the Senate on Mr. Sherman's motion to raise the duties on wool, 14 Republicans voted for it, while of the Democratic Senators 26 voted for the reduction of the duties on wool, and only 3 for increase. This is the record. Let our Democratic friends who are complaining, study these figures. The Republicans of Ohio in Convention assembled resolve in favor of a restoration of the tariff of 1867. The Democracy are silent upon that point.—*Editorial in Standard-Commonwealth (Dem.) July 28 1883.*

MR. BARGAR has not announced whether or not he will vote for the repeal of the Scott law.

IT is evident from the state of affairs in Hamilton county that John McLean is a bigger man than old Pendleton.

WE do not hear of Mr. Bargar having challenged Governor Foster to debate the merits of the Scott law.

IT is currently reported that the gray matter in the brain of the Klinker, of the Mushroom organ is of the consistency of bonny clabber, and about as flat.

THERE is no entry on the appearance docket of Clerk Gamble which goes to show that Mr. Wm. Walker has commenced the suit about which he boasted previous to the primary election.

JUDGE HOADLY says to the voters of Ohio, "if you favor the second or prohibitory amendment vote against me. I don't ask your vote." Read extract from his speech on page 3. Of course the Democratic temperance voters were meant.

JUDGE HOADLY in bidding for the whisky vote somewhat overstopped himself, it strikes us. He does not want prohibitionists to vote for him, or any one who favors the second amendment to vote for him. See his speech on page 3.

MR. SAMUEL NELDON announces through the editor of the Democrat that he did not authorize his name attached to the call for the Second Amendment Convention. Mr. Caton, however, says he did, and Mr. Caton's word will be accepted.

SOME crank with more dollars than brains proposes to commence the publication of another Democrat paper in Cambridge, Guernsey county. There is about as much field for another Democrat paper in Cambridge as there is for missionaries in Hades.

SOME one should send J. Weaver Murphy a card informing him that a ponderous belly is not evidence of brain power. J. Weaver is the author of the boarding house hash in the last number of the Mushroom sheet, of which wool was the basis and falsehood the seasoning.

PLACE wool on the free list, as the Democrats declared for in their National Convention of 1880, and how much does the Democratic editors figure out the wool growers of Ohio would loose each year? Will some ardent patriot who is wearing away his vitality in efforts to deceive, answer?

PERHAPS that $300 business is only a personal matter between Mr. Walker and his accusers, but then he announced with much vigor and in terms more forcible than elegant that he would commence suit as soon as the primaries were over, but the entry does not appear on the Clerk's books.

THE Democrat papers in Coshocton are attempting to deceive their readers about the reduction of the tariff upon wool, but neither one of them has ever published the section of the law which applies to wool. That law shows that there is still a duty of 10 and 12 cents per pound on wool, according to quality.

How crushing is the pent up indignation of the Mushroom organ. Only a few weeks ago it with vigor equal to a broken down canal mule read the Cincinnati Enquirer out of the party; and now with unparalleled impudence the proprietor of the latter turns around and captures the entire party machinery in his own county. Verily, verily the Mushroom is a slugger.

AN exchange tells a story about a small boy catching his first fish. "Oh, father," he exclaimed, rushing in in ecstasy, "I caught the biggest fish ever was. He bit right on to my hook!" "But where is the fish, my child?" "Oh, pa, he just unbit again and div!" The calculations of the Ohio Democrats to catch the intelligent farmers upon the wool question is fully illustrated by the above.

THE Zanesville Signal points out a number of things Durbin Ward has escaped by not receiving the nomination for Governor, and congratulates him thereupon. The most humiliating thing he has escaped, however, the Signal neglects to mention: An overwhelming and crushing defeat at the polls. The people of Ohio are in no humor to endorse the free trade and free whisky principles of the Democrat party in this year of grace, 1883.

THE telegraph operators have given up the struggle and gone back to work—that is those who could get work have gone back. Many are thrown out, however, and much suffering will ensue. It strikes us that the intelligent laboring class should begin to learn that discontented and strife breeding individuals who engineer strikes are their worst enemies, and should be given the g b whenever they approach them with their suggestions. Strikes are always fizzles.

IF the price of wool has been so greatly reduced by the reduction of the tariff, common business sense would suggest that the county would be overrun with buyers, but such is not the case. The fact is there is no market for the wool; hence, the reduction of the price. The woolen goods market is overstocked, and more than one-third of the spindles in the New England States have shut down and many more are running on half time. If there was a demand for woolen manufactures there would be a demand for wool, and the grower would not have cause to complain of the price.

Mr. G. S. Treadway, of this town, last year bought 700,000 pounds of wool at an average price of 35½ cents per pound, and went into the market this year to buy; but for the past few weeks he has not bought a pound, because the house he represents does not want it. The manufacturers have no market for their goods, and of course do not want the wool.

It is not the reduction of the tariff that has reduced the price, but an over supply of the woolen goods market.

They Do Not Dovetail.

For the sake of the Grand Old Democrat party some one should head Hoadly off—chuck a piece of cordwood, or something equally as solid, into his mouth and choke off the gas, until he and the "Klinker" can have a consultation, and each get started on the same plane. As it is, both are preaching Democracy with might and main, but unfortunately their "arguments" do not dovetail, and as a result, their readers are at a loss to understand which is which and what is what.

The "Klinker" announces with much gusto and little sense in the Mushroom organ, that the Supreme Court was packed by Governor Foster to declare the Scott law constitutional, and therefore the law is a fraud. If that was true, then the condemnation of the people could not be too strong, but unfortunately for the bonny-clabber editor of the Mushroom sheet, the testimony given by the Democrat candidate for Governor does not tally with his assertion, therefore there must be some one off his base, and we suspect it is the Klinker.

Judge Hoadly, at Zoar, said in speaking of the Scott law:

The Republican party held their State Convention before the Supreme Court had passed upon the constitutionality of the Scott law. THEY WERE CONFRONTED WITH THE DOUBT WHETHER THEIR OWN COURT—a court composed of three Judges elected by the people, one defeated by the people and appointed by Governor Foster, another appointed by Governor Foster—WOULD OR WOULD NOT CONFIRM THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THAT LAW. And so they passed a general resolution on the subject, which I desire to read.

That is the fact of the matter, as all intelligent men read recent history, and knocks bottom end upwards the senseless cries of the hollow-headed Klinker, that Governor Foster packed the Supreme Court, because if he had the Republican State Convention would have had no doubt, as Judge Hoadly insists they had.

Hoadly's friends should start out the fool killer, and his first efforts should be toward the demolishment of the Mushroom mummy.

Got Wool on the Brain.

The Holmes County Farmer, in common with the Democrat papers of the State, has wool on the brain to such an extent as to be alarming.

After telling its readers that they lose five cents upon each pound of wool because of the reduction of the tariff, and exhibiting a table to show them just how much they lose in Holmes county, it takes on this way:

Licking, Harrison, Guernsey, Coshocton, Belmont and Muskingum counties lose on an average nearly $45,000 each. We have plenty of Republicans in Holmes county, good men too, who have lost this year on account of the tariff business alone, from $25 to $150 each; yet they will stand up on their prayer bones and applaud loudly for the grand old party that causes this money to be taken out of their pockets. This money, stolen we might say from the honest farmers, goes into the already well filled vaults of the New England manufacturers, whose hired lobbyists bribed a Republican Congress to rob the farmers of Ohio. The only way to rebuke this wrong is through the ballot box—vote the Democratic ticket—"turn Republican rascals out," and give honest men a chance.

The heartfelt sympathy the Farmer and its party exhibits for the wool growers is summed up in the last sentence quoted above, and is in effect, vote the Democrat ticket, and for God's sake—(no not God's sake, for he has little to do with them as a party)—but for our hungry belly's sake let us get at the public crib. This is the great issue in the Democratic mind—anything to win—anything to get the Republicans out.

But we want to notice briefly the assertions made in the Farmer's article, and point out a few inconsistencies.

In the first place the reduction on wool consequent upon the reduction of the tariff can not be figured out to be more than three and two-tenths cents per pound, and none but demagogues so claim; but granted that the reduction is five cents or more, why should the wool growers vote for the Democrat candidates and Democrat principles with the expectation of receiving relief? Every intelligent man knows that the Democrat party has always been a free trade party, and even as late as 1880 they adopted a platform, to which every Democrat paper in Ohio gave an earnest support, and that platform declared unequivocally that wool and all products manufactured or grown at home should be placed upon the free list. Of this there is no doubt. This was the belief of the Democrat party then, and it is the belief of the party to-day. They do not want the tariff on wool increased—but like helpless and unscrupulous demagogues, they seize upon a slight reduction, which would not have been felt but for the disordered market, because of an over-production in woolen goods, and attempt to mislead, falsify and misrepresent in an attempt to gain votes. It is miserable demagogy, and intelligent wool growers who attempt to investigate will have no difficulty in seeing the true state of affairs, and in divining their hollow-pated sympathy.

The talk of the Farmer about the hired lobbyists of the New England manufacturers bribing a Republican Congress to rob the farmers of Ohio, is the veriest bosh, and will have no weight with any intelligent citizen.

It is true the Democrat State platform asserts that the duty was decreased on wool and increased on woolen goods, but the baldness of this lie was shown up so soon thereafter that no half-way respectable Democrat paper has had the hardihood to again make the assertion. However the table made up from the old law and the new one, showing the duties as they formerly existed and now exist, upon woollen goods will bear repeating, and here it is:

Class.	Old duties.	New duties.
	cts. p. c.	cts. p. c.
Cloths and shawls, 80c or less	50 and 35	35 and 35
Cloths and shawls over 80c	50 and 35	35 and 40
Flannels, 30c or less	20 and 35	10 and 35
Flannels 30 to 40c	20 and 35	12 and 35
Flannels 40 to 60c	30 and 35	18 and 35
Flannels 60 to 80c	40 and 35	24 and 35
Flannels over 80c	50 and 35	35 and 40
Bunting	20 and 35	10 and 35
Women's dress goods 20c or less	6 and 35	5 and 35
Women's dress goods over 20c	8 and 40	7 and 40
Women's dress goods over 40c per yd	50 and 35	35 and 40
Women's dress goods all wool		9 and 40
Clothing ready made	50 and 40	40 and 35
Cloaks, etc	same	35 and 40
Webbings, etc	50 and 50	30 and 50
Carpets—		
Aubusson, etc	50	45 and 30
Saxony, etc	70 and 35	45 and 35
Brussels	44 and 35	30 and 30
Patent velvet	40 and 35	25 and 30
Tapestry Brussels	28 and 35	20 and 30
Treble ingrain, etc	17 and 35	12 and 30
Two-ply	12 and 35	8 and 30
Druggets	35 and 35	15 and 30
Hemp or jute	8	6
N. O. P	40	40
Mats and rugs not vegetable	45	40
Endless belts	20 and 35	20 and 30

In this table cts. means cents and p. c. means per cent.

That the bald-headed lies that the Democrat papers are doling out concerning the wool tariff will rebound against them, we doubt not, because the people know that the reduction is nothing like it is claimed, and that the Democrat party is free trade to the core, and that their present attitude is one of false pretenses, born of a demagogical spirit, and a harrowing desire for office.

INSIDE HISTORY

Of the Mushroom's Attack Upon the Germans.

How Mr. Rinner was Defeated, Mr. Merrell Slaughtered and Mr. Walker, the Chronic Office Seeker Foisted on the People—Despicable Underhand Work, Backed by Sycophancy and Devilish Hypocrisy.

As a matter of history, the fact stands out that the Germans, to whom the Democrats of Coshocton county are indebted for their ascendency for lo, these many years, have been betrayed, insulted, and virtually spit upon by a gang of self-appointed bosses who have control of a chronic office seeker whom they hope to foist upon the public and thereby prey upon the county treasury. An inside history of how this was accomplished is appropriate, and having been thoroughly informed by an intelligent and well posted German Democrat of the tactics pursued, we deem it proper to lay before the thousands who read THE AGE. The facts herein recorded are matters of history and can be confirmed beyond doubt.

When Mr. Beaver, the present efficient county treasurer was first nominated, Mr. Rinner, of Crawford township was his most formidable opponent, and it was regarded as a foregone conclusion that he would be the next nominee. At that time the Mushroom organ had not been established, but when it first set sail upon the troublous Democratic waters, it announced privately, and all were given to understand, that the Germans of the county were to be the trusty rudder that would guide them safely into a haven of fat and fruitful pap, to be found in the vaults of the county treasury. It was established with this distinct understanding; but there was one thing that did not dovetail with the desires of the gang: the Germans—the honest farmers and others—did not bow to their dictations on every occasion, and therefore the fungus and its friends determined upon revenge.

From the first display of independence of bossism by the Germans the wires were laid to humiliate them. In this action they had the aid of a little Hoosier flip flap they had imported from Indiana, who ostensibly publishes a paper devoted to the German interests, but who in fact is a jumping-jack that hobs and nobs as the chief boss of the Mushroom rag pulls the string.

But as to the insult offered Mr. Rinner and his friends. When the campaign opened last spring, Mr. Rinner was given to understand that he would have the support of the mushroom and its friends for Treasurer. Mr. Merrell, a candidate for Commissioner, was given the same understanding; but both were deceived. They never intended to give either of these gentlemen a support, but they calmly and systematically planned to insult the Germans by defeating Mr. Rinner and to use Mr. Merrell, who was a strong candidate, for trading purposes, to make votes for Walker. How well they succeeded is a matter of history.

All during the contest they worked ardently and with forces that are questionable, yea reprehensible, for the nomination of Mr. Walker, yet all the time were professing friendship for Mr. Rinner, until within ten days of the close of the contest, when they flooded the county with their agents, who with money, whisky and lying, traded and bartered until they succeeded in accomplishing their designs. It was a premeditated effort to insult the Germans, and force upon the people a man who they think can be used as a tool.

Of course it was their privilege to support whomsoever they pleased. But it was despicable and dastardly to pretend to support one man while they were in reality stabbing him in the back.

If the Germans do not reprove them by a displayal of independence, they will differ from the character of the Nation of which they are representatives.

Democracy and the Tariff.

Guernsey Times.

It remains a fact, in spite of quibbling that two great panics brought the industries of this country to their knees in consequence of Democratic tampering with the tariff. And it is true that by means of a high protective tariff passed by a Republican congress and by the aid of wise Republican legislation, the country, still suffering from the effect of Democratic free trade, just out of the panic of '57, passed into the horrors of war and out through the gates of peace in safety; and that her prostrated industries have been revived and prosperity brought to the land, despite the hindrance of the Democratic party. When the war was ended and the party of free trade and obstruction was regaining strength in the national government—in 1876—a Democrat, Morrison from Illinois, introduced into Congress a tariff bill whose provisions meant, as has every Democratic bill, death to the protective system. Where the tariff bill of 1883 reduced the duty on wool three cents, the Morrison bill reduced it six cents. Foiled in this attempt, another bill was introduced in 1878, by Fernando Wood, of New York, proposing a general reduction of 15 per cent, and he illustrated well the Democratic policy when he said, April 9, 1878, in a speech in support of the bill: "If I had the power to commence DE NOVO, I should reduce the duties 50 per cent." The Wood bill was defeated by striking out the enacting clause. The vote on the question of striking out stood 134 yeas 120 nays. Of the 134 yeas, 115 were republicans, and of the 120 nays, 113 were Democrats. Every Ohio Democrat in Congress voted for its adoption.

And the spirit of the party remains now, notwithstanding lying professions and dodging platforms, what it was then. Its object is to ultimately reduce the rates of customs duties so as to completely destroy the system of protection; and the Ohio wool-grower has nothing to expect at the hands of the Democratic party but what he has received in the past. This contemptable fawning and sycophantic sympathy which he receives from it now will give place, if ever the day arrives when it shall be in power unchecked, to disregard and neglect; and wool growing as an industry will be a thing of the past. The farmer can then take to the hills and dig and plant and sow and make his hard living as best he can.

Newcomerstown.

A correspondent to the news agency of this place, from Post Boy, writes that on last Wednesday Mr. Josiah Shaw, an old widower, living near Kimbolton, was robbed of $227 in cash. It appears that the old gentleman lives by himself in the country and that the robbery was effected while he was working in the field. The thief was magnanimous enough to leave Mr. Shaw 50 cents.

About thirty-four citizens attended a rousing temperance meeting at the M. P. Church on the Plains, four miles west of Newcomerstown, last Monday night, Rev. H. Camp addressed the meeting. A male quartette from our town was present and furnished excellent vocal music.

Rev. A. W. Williams, of New Athens, O., will speak in Crater's Hall Tuesday evening of next week, upon the two amendments. He is an able man, and is engaged by the W. C. T. U., of Ohio, in the present campaign against intemperance.

An important business change has just been effected in our town. Goudy & Sons have sold their complete stock of groceries and queensware to Mr. John Ensign, of Indiana. Mr. Ensign is a shrewd business man and all wish him success in his new enterprise. He will hold forth at the old places.

R. A. Vogenitz, guard in the penitentiary at Columbus, is home on a short vacation visiting his friends and relatives.

Dr. C. W. Wilkins, of New Philadelphia, was in town a few days last week.

Miss Helen Knisely who has been visiting friends in our town for some time past, returned to her home in New Philadelphia last Monday.

G. W. Hoglan's juvenile singing class will give one grand concert in Crater's Hall Saturday night Sept. 1st. The programme of the concert will consist of solos, duetts, choruses, oppe rattas, tableaux &c. The principal feature will be the rendition of the beautiful fairy opperatta entitled "Red Riding Hood," in which the whold class will participate. This entertainment promises to be the best that has been given in New Comerstown for sometime.

DOANE.

Letter from Indiana.

PLEASANT GROVE, JASPER CO.

We took the western bound train at Coshocton Monday, August 13, at 1 P. M., arrived at Logansport, Ind., at 1 A. M. Tuesday. For the benefit of your readers who have not seen this town I would say it is situated at the junction of the Wabash and Eel rivers. It is said to contain about 15,000 inhabitants It has some fine edifices and business houses, among which are the Murdock tavern, the State National Bank, the Logansport National Bank, the Rufus McKee Block, Wan & Parker House and the new Bonnet Hotel, heated throughout by steam and considered by many to be the best constructed and most convenient arranged hotel in the State. Also it has a fine opera house called the Dolon Opera House. While on the road from Coshocton to this place as far as daylight lasted I kept an eye on the country to judge of the appearance of the grain and fruit crops. Oats and corn generally look well, the most of the oats being in shock, some corn was uneven and all seemed backward for the time of year and looked as though early frosts might catch much of it unripe. The stack yards of wheat looked rather slim and too far between. We took the 8 o'clock train Tuesday morning on the road toward Chicago and landed at our destination at twelve. I am now at W. H. Snedeker's, in Jasper county, Indiana. Corn here looks well enough, but here, as elsewhere all along the road, it needs rain and hot sun. The atmosphere here on Tuesday last was such as to require a heavy coat, but the weather is quite warm to-day, Friday. Wheat in this country is judged by farmers to be not over one-fourth of last year's yield; oats heavy; potatoes good; apple crop light; no peaches; but more pears I never saw than in one orchard here, that of a Mr. Moody; hay abundant but not of a very good quality, the tame grass being mixed with much of the native slough-grass or 'whistletop.' This is caused by much of the meadow lands being too wet for timothy and clover. Farmers here generally have a large number of cattle and put up a great amount of hay, and they prepare for cutting and stocking with the greatest speed. Besides the best mowers they have large rakes and stackers operated by weights and horse power. I witnessed on Tuesday last on the farm of Mr. Neldon Randles', of this section, Kirk's patent hay rakes and stacker in operation. The machinery consists in as many two-horse hay rakes as you wish and one stacker. The rakes bring the hay out of the swath if you wish, to the stack or rick, deposits it on the fork which consists of a frame with moveable bars with two rows of long wooden teeth placed at right angles. One set of teeth lie on the ground on which the hay is shoved by the horse rake. The other set of teeth stand upright. The fork is then raised by ropes and pullies by horse power. Raising the fork then throws the teeth that were upright on the ground to a horizontal position and the hay slides nicely off on the rick. Mr. Randles told me that if he could get the hay fast enough to his fork he could stack fifty tons a day with it.

There are some large land holders here. Quite a number in this country and in this neighborhood own from 500 to 2500 acres of land, and one man in Rensselaer owns 10,000 acres. One of our nearest neighbors here owns 2000 acres, 300 head of cattle, besides hogs, horses, etc. He had just put upon his farm this harvest 300 acres of grass that will average one and a half to two tons to the acre. There are several farmers in this township as rich as he, and one man, Mr. James Randles, owns 2500 acres of good land.

The country is generally healthy and the water is good if you go down in the limestone rock which is from 10 to 50 feet beneath the surface. With wealthy farmers the wind pump is all the go.

Mosquitoes pour upon man and beast in the evenings like devouring wolves. They will intrude themselves into your bed chamber, perch upon the curtains, hide in the corners, and then when you have extinguished the light and got safely in bed, they "will go for you.

The sale for cattle and hogs is some brisker here than in our county being nearer Chicago. Young chickens sell at your own door at ten cents per pound, and old ones at eight cents per pound. Butter and eggs sell for about the same here as in Coshocton.

School houses are thick enough to accommodate the country people pretty well, so that all may receive a common school education. But in this section churches are few and far between, and the people seem to care little whether they build churches or not. Religious services are, however, held in the school houses occasionally, and the people turn out pretty well. While here last fall I attended church three or four times in a school house, and I think there was neither a Bible or hymn book in the house any of the times. The minister took his text by guess, and the people sang some of the old hymns they had committed to memory in Maine, New Hampshire, Ohio, or some other State from which they came. The people here, however, live peacefully with each other, and are good, kind neighbors, very common and social, no aristocracy, but the rich an poor meet together on common level, if their moral characters only be equal.

J. MAGNESS.

West Bedford.

The Sunday School picnic at Goshen went off with a boom. "The address of welcome," by Miss Bell McKee, was well delivered. "The Relation of the Sunday School to the Church," was discussed. "Are we doing all we can to make our Sunday School Successful" was discussed by Rev. Reed and others. "The Best Method of Instructing the Infant Classes," by Mrs. L. Pierce, was well written and delivered to the satisfaction of the audience. Rev. Roberts addressed the children in a very impressive manner. R. V. Sweinhart spoke on the "Relation of the Sunday School to the Temperance Cause. Mohawk, Bedford, Chalfants, two schools from East Union and Wakatomika schools were present. All the schools sang well. Mohawk, Bedford and Elizabethton brass bands were present and gave us horn music in abundance. All in all it was a success for the Sunday School cause.

Dr. Litton puts his head in a barrel and hollows papa to see how it will sound. Cause, a girl at his house.

Mr. John Job sold his stock and farming utensils last Friday. He contemplates a visit to the West in the near future.

Mrs. Bussy and daughter, of Pennsylvania, are visiting her father, Mr. Benj Jones, near this place.

Bacon.

Mr. and Mrs. Reb't. McClure and their daughter Maggie, of Keene, were visiting their son, R. A. McClure, of this place.

Mr. S. T. and Miss Hattie Elliott, of Keene township, were visiting J. L. Sieker over Sunday.

Mr. Jerry Fowler smiles more pleasantly than ever from behind the counter. It is a boy.

We are glad to learn that our genial friend, Mr. Joseph Love, has been nominated for Representative. Mr. Love is well qualified and competent in every respect, and we hope he will meet with the undivided support of Linton township. As long as the people and newspapers tell the truth about Mr. Love he has nothing to fear.

The young folks of this vicinity had quite an enjoyable time at the house of Mr. R. I. Babcroft on Tuesday, August 14th. It was the 18th birthday of his daughter Laura. There were over sixty present. Many and valuable were the presents received.

OBSERVER.

Hiring a Teacher.

Although it is probable that the greater number of school boards have engaged their teachers for the coming school year, it may still be in place to discuss this matter.

In employing a teacher, as in every thing else, there is a right method of procedure and many wrong ones. The custom of many school boards, in awarding their schools to the lowest acceptable bidder is liable to many objections. The importance of the teacher's work, the amount of scholarship and the degree of executive ability required of the successful teacher should command liberal remuneration: The teacher is not a mere day laborer, possessed of only muscle and natural skill, he has, if he is at all equipped for his profession, an invested capital. He has put time and money into his business and is entitled to increased compensation on the same principle that the skilled mechanic should receive higher wages than the common laborer. Again, the teacher's work and position in society impose a higher rate of expense than is necessary for either the mechanic or laborer.

These facts with the consideration that a higher degree of self-culture should be encouraged on the part of the teacher, constitute the reasons why he should receive more liberal compensation. In view of these reasons consider the fact that the average teacher cannot save as much money in a given time as a day laborer can. It is evident that the teacher's services are not appreciated or paid as they should be. This is the reason why efficient and desirable teachers are difficult to secure. The remedy of this evil is, however, simply a matter of time. The work of the teacher is becoming more highly valued than it used to be, and it will not be many years until the teacher's profession will rank in dignity with any other.

I began to discuss the question of hiring a teacher and the best method of doing so. I have digressed somewhat, but now, omitting to mention other erroreus methods, I will suggest the plan that seems most likely to correct the evils and promote the good of our school system. As the township board of education has to provide for the general interests of all the districts and the local boards have charge of the special interests of each district, it is important to distinguish between what are general and what are special interests. The township board having in charge the equitable distribution of the funds and the local boards attending to the selection of the teacher, the length of term and the rate of wages are of both general and special interests. There should be, contrary to the usual custom, decided by the township board, but in difference as far as possible to the wishes of the local board. In employing a teacher the local board should not ask where can we get the cheapest teacher, but how can we get the best. The rate of wages should be fixed beforehand by the judgment of intelligent men as to what the services of such a teacher as they desire should command. A certain time should be allowed for receiving applications, during which each director should refrain from committing himself in favor of any candidate. It would be better if the selection of all the teachers of a township should be made on the same day and at the same place. This should bring together all the local boards and all the applicants, and they would thus see at once what could be done. The boards would have the opportunity of selecting from a large number of applicants and disappointed candidates would have the advantage of having their fate in the township decided at once. The election of teachers should take place early in the summer before all the best teachers have engaged their schools. Operated in this way the organization of the Ohio School Board presents a most perfect apparatus for the improvement of the schools.

D.

THE *North American Review* for September is an admirably constituted number, whether we regard the timeliness and importance of the subjects presented, or the eminent competence of the authors chosen for their discussion. First comes "State Regulation of Corporate Profits," by Chief-Justice T. M. Cooley, of Michigan, showing how far, by wise legislation, and by applying in the spirit of enlightened jurisprudence the principles of the common law, the harrowing exactions of corporate companies and monopolies in general may be restrained and the interests of the people effectually conserved. John A. Kasson, M. D., writes on "Municipal Reform" and offers suggestions for the abatements of the evils of misgovernment in our great municipalities that command the earnest interests of all good citizens without respect to party. Richard Grant White treats of "Class Distinctions in the United States," a subject that is destined to occupy more and more the attention of the American people as great fortunes increase. "Shooting at Sight" is the subject of some pertinent reflections by James Jackson, Chief-Justice of the State of Georgia. In "Facts about the Caucus and the Primary," George Walton Green unveils the tricks practiced by political managers in large cities. The well-known English essayist, W. H. Mallock, contributes "Conversations with a Solitary," in which he sets forth with much ingenuity the arguments adverse to popular governments. The Rev. Dr. D. S. Phelan contributes an article sparkling with epigrams, on the "Limitations of Free thinking." Finally, Grant Allen, the most charming of all living writers on natural history, discourses on an "American Wild Flower." Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

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REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

[Election, October 9, 1883.]

For Governor,
JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Of Hamilton.

For Lieutenant Governor,
WILLIAM G. ROSE,
Of Cuyahoga.

For Supreme Judge,
(Term ending February 9, 1887
WILLIAM H. UPSON,
Of Summit.

(Term ending February 9, 1889.)
JOHN H. DOYLE,
Of Lucas.

For Clerk of Supreme Court,
DWIGHT CROWELL,
Of Ashtabula.

For Attorney General,
M. B. EARNHART,
Of Miami.

For Auditor of State,
JOHN F. OGLEVEE,
Of Clarke

For Treasurer of State,
JOHN C. BROWN,
Of Jefferson.

For State Commissioner of Common Schools,
DANIEL F. DEWOLFE,
Of Lucas.

For Member Board of Public Works,
LEO WELTZ,
Of Clinton.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Representative,
JOSEPH LOVE.

Auditor,
HARRISON GLOVER.

Treasurer,
W. H CRAWFORD

Sheriff,
F. W. COCHRAN.

Commissioner,
G. W. COOPER.

Infirmary Director—Short Term,
R. A. GIVEN.

Infirmary Director—Long Term,
J. A. RANDLES.

How Bob Toombs Looks.

A correspondent, who saw General Robert Toombs at Atlanta, the other day, writes: "I looked toward the entrance to see a man dressed in a loose-fitting linen suit, with graying hair and shriveling face, stooped shoulders and halting gait. He appeared to lean heavily on his cane, as he stopped in the doorway to speak to a friend who accosted him. His eyes were lustreless and his voice tremulous. One who knew the stalwart political mal-content, the aggressive leader, the fiery debater, the magnificent specimen of physical manhood personated in United States Senator Robert H. Toombs twenty-five years ago, must look regretfully at the weak old man whose physical debility is hardly suggestive of the shrinkage of his reputation and influence as a publicist. Personally, however, he is held in exalted esteem."

VANDERBILT'S DEADHEAD DODGE.

A Car-Driver's Experience of "the Old Man" and Cornelius.

New York World.

"I tell you what it is, young feller," said a Fourth avenue car-driver to a World reporter one evening recently, who stood next to him on the front platform, as he guided his fiery steeds through the devious mazes of the Bowery, "them Wanderbilts is a curious crowd, and no mistake. The other evenin' the old man (William H.) got on the front platform here with me a ridin' up town, chatted quite friendly-like, offered me a cigar, and we was gettin' along fine, when along comes the conductor, a green 'un, for his fare.

"'I'm Wanderbilt,' says the old man.

"'I don't give a damn,' says the conductor, 'I want yer fare.'

"'Of course, I wasn't sayin' nothin', for it warn't none of my business.

"'I tell you I'm Wanderbilt,' says the old man, gettin' kinder angry.

"'How am I to know that?' says the conductor. 'You may be any bloke, for all I know.'

"Well, the old man had to pay his fare, and sure enough the next mornin' the conductor was hauled up. The superintendent asked him what he meant by disobeyin' orders, which are to let no one ride free keepin' a Wanderbilt, and not lettin' Mr. Wanderbilt ride free."

"'How was I to know him?' he said. You mightn't asked the driver, he was told and then they sent for me. I told him I knew it was the old man, but 'twasn't my business to interfere, and they let him off with a warnin' to look out for the old man."

The car swung into Centre street; the driver mused; then suddenly returning to the reporter he said: "The old man's close, but Cornelius ain't. I like Cornelius. He's a splendid young feller. When I got kicked in the ribs some months since by a horse, I was taken to Chambers street hospital and Cornelius came to see me. For the Lord's sake, I sez to him, Cornelius, gimme a drink. He went out and in ten minutes I had three milk punches. He took me afterwards to St. Luke's hospital in his own carriage, and I got all the brandy I wanted there. The worst of it was I got drunk, but it wasn't Cornelius' fault.

"'Nuther time I lost my old man and was in a hole so deep I couldn't bury him. I went to Cornelius—right up to his house—and asked for $40. He gave me $100, right out. I tell you them Wanderbilts are a curious crowd," the driver again repeated as the car

DeLesseps's Scheme.

Videx" in Boston Budget.

The Panama canal is the gigantic swindle of the day. Not less than $150,000,000 has been spent already, and, although some agents and journalists have been benefitted, there is nothing to show for the money. Not a foot of the canal has been dug. DeLesseps spent $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 building hospitals, millions more in salaries of a large and expensive corps of engineers and houses for men and officers, $18,000,000 or $20,000,000 for the Panama railway, and vast sums for dredges and machinery purchased in the United States. The funds of the company are just about exhausted, and now an effort is being made to build up another company on the ruins of the one now in existence. It is proposed to buy up the old stock at ten cents on the dollar, and subscribe money to go on with the work. Next a few millions must be squandered on Capt. Eads' ship railroad, and then Gen. Grant's ship canal over the practicable Nicaragua route will be built.

A GREAT CRIME.

History of the Spoliation of India by England.

An Empire Acquired by Breach of Trust---A People Taxed, Starved and Made Vicious by Force.

Chicago Tribune

One of the most remarkable articles that has recently appeared in periodical literature is contributed to the July number of The Nineteenth Century by J. Seymour Keay, who writes of "The Spoliation of India." Without a word of rhetoric, drawing his statements from the personal observations of twenty years, and from the official records of the Indian empire, Mr. Keay presents a picture of ruthless and murderous oppression that cannot fail to attract the horror stricken and indignant notice of the civilized world and to bring upon Great Britain the righteous wrath of all men who love justice.

India is the most ancient seat of the civilization of which we boast. Its population includes one sixth of mankind. These men are not savages. They have been nurtured by highly developed, all pervading civilization, thousands of years old, which has furnished the country not only with political systems but with social and domestic institutions of the most ramified description. This is what Mr. Keay says of the Hindoos: "Perhaps there are no other people in the world who show so much in their characters the advantageous effects of their own civilization. They are shrewd in business, acute in reasoning, thrifty, religious, chaste, solar, charitable, obedient to parents, ever ratiful to old age, amiable, law abiding, commodionate toward the helpless, and patient under suffering." During the terrible famine of India, with disease and death on every side, the people in the very depth of their distress showed the most sublime patience and tender self denial.

Not only do the English in India not occupy the position of civilizers bringing civilization to savages, but they did not, as is the general impression, acquire the Indian empire by conquest, thereby gaining a sort of side justification for oppressing the country. In all the vast Indian peninsula, says Mr Keay, only a very few limited tracts of country were acquired by right of conquest less than one seventh, as he shows, was obtained by superior prowess. Of the rest an immense area was got by "breach of trust with the native powers." Other vast tracts were secured by the agreement that their independence should be safe against any sort of interference, and that the revenue they paid to the British should be used for protecting them against their enemies. "In no case was the contract honestly carried out." Their revenue was seized, but they were left to protect themselves, and the British troops they supported were used to enslave them. Such is the gentle and civilized people on whom the Indian empire has cast its yoke, and such are the methods of "treachery" and "shameless perfidy" by which this dominion has been established.

The English have laid a debt of $800,000,000 on the Hindoos and take from them every year $350,000,000 of revenue. The army costs the Hindoos $80,000,000 a year. This army is kept up to provide a fertile source of patronage. In the case of the Hyderabad contingent there were five brigadiers in a force of only 7,000 men, and the pay of the European officers of these, 7,000 natives amounted to $600,000 a year. The native army contains 125,000 men who receive $7,000,000, while their officers are paid $12,000,000 a year. Then to watch this native army a European force of 64,000 is maintained, and this furnishes employment for 3,200 more English officers. Thus this lawabiding people are heavily taxed to support two armies to watch each other, simply that they may furnish employment for their European officers. "The taxation produces discontent, the discontent necessitates a large army, the large army requires more European officers, this demands more taxation, hence more discontent, a still larger army, and still more European officers."

India has to pay not only its own military expenses, but is forced to contribute to those of the rest of the British empire. It has had to make contribution in the last forty years to no less than eight wars—two with New Zealand, two with China, and one with Russia, Abyssinia, Persia, and Egypt respectively. Its revenues are supporting British agencies in China, Persia, Zanzibar, and at Aden. This is the explanation given of this injustice and others like it by Sir Charles Prevelyan in his evidence before parliament:

We charge Canada, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the whole round of the British empire nothing; why should we charge India anything? The only real difference is, that Canada or Australia would not hear of it; whereas India is at our mercy and we can charge her what we like.

One hundred and twenty-eight millions of acres yielding $700,000,000 of produce have to pay a land tax of $105,000,000. This is but a portion of the exactions of the British. The poor people, as Sir Bartle Frere reports, know the value of fertilizers, but they are too poverty stricken to use them, and their soil is giving out under the unremitting drain. The cattle are half starved and their manure is used for fuel. The people themselves are dying for want of food. Seven years ago 1,500,000 died in Mysore out of a population of 5,000,000. That was famine; but there is a state of things in India worse than famine. From his own experience, Mr. Keay declares "that the slow pangs of hunger amounting to semi-starvation are now the lot of at least a fifth part of the people of India every day of the year, even in years of plenty." Dr. Hunter, director-general of statistics at Calcutta, after speaking of the indigence of four-fifths of the people, adds this terrible statement. "The remaining fifth, or 40,000,000 of people, go through life on insufficient food." In the words of The Imperial Gazetteer of India, the people are "steadily underfed."

There is worse than this to be told. The official testimony of official personages is cited to show that the British recklessly encourage the vices of opium-eating and drunkenness for the sake of the revenue derived from them. The native of India is unwilling to cultivate opium, "but the finance minister of India directs the proceeds of the taxes to the growth of the opium poppy." "Organized efforts are made by the Bengal agents to introduce the use of opium and to create a taste for it among the rising generation." So says Assistant-Commissioner Hind, of British Burmah. The Hindoos were once the most abstemious nation in the world. The British government for the sordid object of raising revenue at all cost has forced the sale of spirituous liquors among these simple folk. The Bengal board of revenue in its official annual reports publicly holds up to censure those excise officers in whose districts there has been a decrease in the consumption of intoxicating drink. Whole districts have been ruined and depopulated by the efforts of the British official spirit contractors. How inexpressibly pathetic is this sentence from the official evidence of Dr. Smith, of Calcutta: "The natives continually argue for on the prohibition."

The result of the oppressions and the treacheries of the British and the imposition upon the natives of a system of laws and procedure utterly foreign to their intelligence and their notions of justice is that their souls are decaying as rapidly as their bodies. "In the course of a few years," says Revenue-Officer Curt, "we succeed in destroying whatever of truthfulness they have by nature and substituting trickery, chicane, and falsehood. You have only to compare our new provinces with our old. From the recently-acquired Punjab, where the people have had little of our law and government education, and are comparatively truthful and honest, the population becomes worse and worse as you descend lower and lower to our oldest possessions of Calcutta and Madras." The natives prefer to be robbed by thieves to submitting to the extortions of the police. Criminal prosecution is such a burden on the entire community that when a crime is committed it becomes the one object of the entire population to hush it up. As to the horrors of police torture revealed by the investigations of the Madras government in 1859, Mr. Keay says that "I myself can testify that since that date no improvement whatever has taken place."

The great infamy of the British government of India is the salt tax, by which one-tenth of all the revenue is raised. The British levy a tax of about 8,000 per cent. on all the salt used by 250,000,000 of men. The poorest classes as well as the richest have to pay no less than two shillings and sixpence for every pennyworth of salt. The charge amounts to 5 to 8 per cent. of the whole yearly earnings of the Hindoo agricultural laborer. The poor devils are not allowed to scrape the salt off the sands of the seashore. Their cattle are dying off, and scurvy, leprosy, unsightly blotches and growths, congenital deformities, and a peculiar lankness and misshapement of limb are spread among the poor by their deprivation of salt. As the law forbids them to extract the salt from the earth, it has become a common practice in India for the poor people to eat dirt for the sake of the salt in it. "Darwin," says our writer, "has familiarized us with the fact that there is a class of worms that gain nutriment by passing the soil through their tube-like bodies. It has remained for the British government of India to reduce large numbers of human beings to the same expedient."

A Tale From the Norse.

A. J. Burdette in Life.

One day Odin put the McClellan saddle on he horse Sleipner, and went to visit the giant Vafthrudner. Sleipner was the bjoss ijoss and could go a mile inside of one minute and twenty-eight seconds, as easy as lying. He had eight legs and "runes were carved in his teeth." The runes of yesterday's jurkey probably, which is usually carved on the tjeeth. Vafthrudner was a giant who prided himself on knowing as much as a man damst. Odin seated himself, and they began asking each other hard questions, and with their heads as forfeits, until the convention ounded like the Concord summer school of philosophy breaking out at Christmas. Odin, o play jroots on Vafthrudner, called him olf Gangraad.

"Do you spell it with a J?" asked Vafthudner

"Jno," replied Odin, "Ji jam jhot ja Jnorse-amnjin, jbut jean jyou jloll jme jwhy the Jbrooklyn bjridge is like a bjeer saloon?"

"Because one is a daisy level and the oth—"

"Tjut, tjut!" said Odin, quickly, forgetting hat he was only Gangraad.

"I know! when it's a jar!"

"Noap."

"Ah -o--ah--oh pshaw! Two pigs under he gate!"

"Guess again."

"Well, I gave it up!"

"Because," said Odin, solemnly, "it's not russed."

And he opened his eyes and looked severely hrough a flint mountain ten thousand miles away.

"Yes," said Vafthrudner, slowly, like a man dropping an ace out of his sleeve; "but t is"

"What is?" demanded Odin

"The Brooklyn bridge," replied the giant; 'it is stiffened with trusses—all suspension ridges are."

"Well!" roared Odin, with a howl that raised a lump on the mountain he had been cooking at, "what of that? The beer saloon sn't!"

And then the giant recognized the glory, and remarking that he didn't often die, but when he did it was about this time of the century, twisted off his head and handed it to Odin, who carried it to Asgard, and the gods 'easted on souse. As the Elder Edda sings, n Grimmnor's lay—

The gods and dwarfs were there to dine,
And many more beside,
And what they could not eat that night,
Next morning Mrs. Odin freyjad.

A New Trick in Diamonds.

Boston Journal.

Colored diamonds are supposed to be manufactured nowadays for the unwary, but I heard of a new dodge last week. A photographer who has had considerable experience n expert detective cases said to me: "We have a new use for photography—the testing of precious stones. The business began in this way:

"One day last year a diamond expert with quite a reputation in the business was asked by a stranger to buy a remarkably fine diamond. Eight thousand dollars was asked for it. The expert tested it in every manner known to the business, and examined it carefully with a glass. It was a magnificent stone, of superb color and shape. He offered $7,000, and the man took the money and went away. A day or two after that the stone was shown as a great bargain to some other experts, one of whom, after examining it closely for a long time, declared that there was something very peculiar about the way in which the light went through the stone. The owner was advised to take it to me and have it tested by a ray of sunlight sent through a camera. It was brought to my studio with several other diamonds, and, whereas one diamond would show a beam of light to pass clear and straight, the $7,000 stone seemed to have something in it which stopped the beam. A powerful microscope was then brought into play, and the fine diamond was found to be two stones joined together with marvelous dexterity by what is known as Canada balsam, the material used by all opticians in joining two lenses. Each stone was worth about $1,250; and the loss on the transaction amounted to $1,500. The stones came apart upon the application of certain chemicals."

Ramsdell in Philadelphia Press.

I saw Congressman Joe Blackburn yesterday, and asked him about the paragraph that is on its rounds about his summer wardrobe that his daughter is said to have sent him. He laughed, and said it had a grain of truth in it. He said he left home for a day or two only, and took only a small bag with him. The consolidation of internal revenue districts brought him unexpectedly to Washington. He at once telegraphed home to have a trunk of clothes sent to him here. His little daughter, in the absence of her mother, opened the dispatch, and thought it her duty to obey it. So she packed a trunk and put a note in it, as follows:

"VERSAILLES, Ky.—DEAR PAPA: I send you all the clothes I can find, and I hope you are well."

Mr. Blackburn said that the trunk contained the following:

Seven white shirts,
Six winter scarfs,
One tooth-brush,
One bowie-knife,
Two revolvers.

This is what a Kentucky girl regards as a suitable summer wardrobe for a gentleman. Mr. Blackburn, who is a charming gentleman, notwithstanding his bluster in the house, laughs as heartily over the incident as any of his friends.

The Girl of Long Ago.

Salem Sunbeam.

"Where is the girl of long ago?" sings Joaquin Miller. We saw her the other day, Joaq. But she isn't a girl anymore. She had gray hair and a wart on her nose, had no teeth and wore specs.

In Smoking Cigarettes.

New York Sun.

That cigarette smoking may be both soothing and recuperating, provided that the little roll of tobacco is loosely held between the fingers and puffed from time to time, is the opinion of the Lancet. Where injury may be expected is in keeping the cigarettes firmly between the lips and sucking in and retaining all of the nicotine.

Military Items.

Detroit Free Press.

The right of women to bare arms in this country is soon to be extended by a French fashion of wearing nothing at all on the left arm and shoulder.

ANATOMY-HYGIENE.

A Native's Struggle with the Poles of a Battery.

Texas Siftings.

A tall, angular specimen of poor humanity, built in the Queen Anne style of architecture, came tearing down the avenue a few days since like a whole crowd getting out of a circus.

"Hold on!" shouted one of a party of business men congregated on a corner, "didn't you know there is a law in this town against fast driving on this boulevard?"

"No," puffed the man, slowing himself up, and evidently trying to hold himself together, "and I'm dummed if I believe there's law for anything about the whole cussed locality."

"What's the matter with you?" pursued the questioner. "Been fired out of a saloon?"

"Not much. I don't hang around saloons like a bummer from away up the creek."

"Been shot out of a hotel for trying to mash the chambermaid, eh?"

"No, you are off, stranger. Not much. No, not very much. I'm married, I am—married for good an' I don't spark around nothing nor nobody, at hum or abroad. Say, do I look bad?"

"Pretty bad, for a fact. Was you chased by a wild, unfettered jimplicute of the prairie, bit by a scorpion, or squeezed through one of the rower pipes?"

"Do you notice a kind of a quivering in that arm?"

"Shakes like a leaf."

"Do my eyelids work like a vibrator threshing machine?"

"Worse, they twitch like a poisoned coyote."

"Am I blue, or black, or cream tinted, sorrel or plain bay with a white strip in my face?"

"Well, rather brindly compla ted, I should say."

"How's my hair?"

"Looks like a buffalo robe struck by lightning."

"Do you think if I was to hang a catfish sinker on the end of my nose it could be drawed down again and shifted back into posish?"

"Perhaps so, but what's been the row? Where was the rumpus? We didn't hear any disturbance when the house fell in on you."

"No, the house didn't fall in; but I thought she war about to cave right in, or lift right up an' sail every second. There wan't no fuss about it, though. 'Twas all done quicker'n a jerk of a lamb's tail, and then I started right away and beat my previous record clean here. Gentlemen, 'twas the goldasndest thing I ever struck in my life. You see, I'm a stranger in these parts, and my tastes are quiet like, and I like to pick up stray bits of information, and browse round for knowledge wherever I are. I heard there was was a museum of anatomy and hygiene in your town, an' I concluded to take her in. I asked a man where 'twas, and he showed me a three-story brick, and I went right up to the top, an' a young feller then asked me into a room where there was a lot of skeletons and other young fellers, and I commenced to improve my mind. Pretty soon one of the fellers asked me of I didn't want for study the wonders of the telephone, an' I said I did that; an' he said juss to take hold of a couple of handles which had wires on 'em an' I did. Gentlemen, I've read in Scripter about the heavens and the earth passing away like a scroll saw, and the fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than they ever had bet her before, but log my skin, those things couldn't have been a circumstance to my sufferin' for a minnit. It did seem as though I was a going to shed my flesh right on the floor like the other many skelotons hanging on pegs, and then they give the telephone another twist, an' then she began to blister. Jerusalum! Then she let up all of sudditt, and I came right down stairs, what there is left of me, without paying a cent. Talk about law in this town! I don't believe there's law enough in the state to git me even with them anatomy and hygiene fellers. I'll just go up an' buy out a drug store and bathe my fractures."

A Magazine Mystery.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We cannot hope to cast much light into the dark corners of this subject; but we have reason to believe that articles are sometimes returned unread by great magazines. We are able to cite one curious instance in support of this belief. A lady not long ago sent a poem to The Century, which poem she tells us had been previously pronounced "a perfect lyric" by one of the great American poets. Consequently her disappointment at its refusal was unusually great. We prefer to let her tell the rest of the story herself:

——"By the way, The Century returned my poem yesterday. I do not really believe they even unfolded it to look at, because while re-writing it, an eye-lash fell upon the paper, and instead of brushing it off, I concluded to leave it there, just to see whether they would read the piece. Well, sure enough! when I opened the paper, there was my eyelash all undisturbed! Now you know if those three half sheets had been fingered, the little eyelash would never have come back."

Probably the disappointed writers often judge magazines too harshly; but it must be confessed that the policy of more than one leading monthly appears to be decidedly unjust. If contributions be invited, they should be examined; if contributions are not desired, a great deal of needless trouble and expense and disappointment might be avoided by the published announcement of the fact.

He Guessed He Got Hep.

Life.

Fair Teacher (not a philosopher of the new school)—"Yes, Sambo, the devil is everywhere, always tempting you to do wrong."

Sambo—"Is he ebery whar, Miss?"

F. T.—"Yes, Sambo."

S.—"In dis yer room?"

F. T.—"Yes."

S.—"On dis yer bench?"

F. T.—"Yes."

S.—"In my pocket?"

F. T.—"Yes."

S.—"Well, I guess I got yer dere, Miss, 'cos I ain't got no pocket.

A Test of True Courage.

Philadelphia News.

"What is true bravery?" asks a New York paper. It is going to the door yourself when you don't know whether the caller is a dear friend, a book agent or a man with a bill.

Dickens: But it's a ill wind as blows no good to nobody; that's what I always say when them lads has a visitation. The world is chock full of visitations. A visitation, sir, is the los of mortality.

A Mammoth Seaside Hotel.

I went with Charles Leland to-day through his larder below stairs at the Brighton hotel, and it seemed to me like a vast quartermaster's supply warehouse on the plains. There was flour piled up by rods, hams stretched along by rods from beams. The larder filled with chickens in ice, fish in ice, steaks and chops sufficient for a regiment, and the steward sat at his desk in the basement taking down everything that anybody wanted. "For," said the proprietor, "here is where I make or lose." The wine rooms were twice as long as liquor stores; the kitchen was big enough to have a sham battle in, and on the pay-roll thus early in the season were 360 persons. "When I have bad weather," said Mr. Leland, "they eat my head right up; it is in the marketing that one must save or make himself here. I paid $4,000 to my butcher this morning. I feed my help on beef that costs twelve and a half cents a pound, while those cuts that go to the customers cost twenty-two. After all, the bar is the great place of gain. Before the month of July had set in I had spent $7,000, with hardly any summer season. On a good day here I take

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.)

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Schedule taking effect Jan. 14, 1883.

Trains depart from and arrive at P. C. and St. L. Ry Depot, at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Express	*1:23 a. m.	*3:16 a. m.
Express	*3:47 a. m.	*2:47 a. m.
Accommodation	†10:01 a. m	†7 26 p. m
Express	*1:10 p. m	*11:10 p. m
Express	*5:52 p. m	*2:19 p. m

GOING EAST.

	Depart	Arrive.
Express	*2:16 a. m.	*1:23 a. m.
Express	*2:46 a. m	*3:47 a. m.
Express	*10:58 a. m.	*1:10 p. m
Express	*3:10 p. m.	*7:33 p. m
Accommodation	†7:20 p. m.	†10:18 a. m.

*Every day. †Except Sunday

Local Freight going West leaves at 6:15 a. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 7:10 p. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Columbus time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager, Columbus, O.
E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass'r & Tick't Ag't Pittsburgh, Pa.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

WEST BEDFORD,

Coshocton County, Ohio.

Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangements have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

SOME FARMS FOR SALE.

No. 19. 240 acres—A good stock and grain farm, comparatively level for upland; flying water; under good cultivation; one-half mile from village, choice orchard fruits, good house, stable and sheep barns; State road. In all respects easy of acces. Cause of offering, owner afflicted. Price, $60; good time.

No. 21. 176 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 6 acres timber, nearly all in good sod, public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1500 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township, price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

No. 22. 140 acres—An excellent hill farm; joins village containing stores, good school and two churches; $1800 house; good barn; well watered; no better sheep farm in township; young orchard; good timber; easy of access. Price, $50 per acre, $2,000 cash, extra good time.

Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65 according to improvements

TOWN.

No. 9. Two lots, brick house, all necessary convenience thereto, in a thriving village, stores, shops, tri-weekly mail. A good point for a harness shop. Price, $1,000.

No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.

No. 19. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 5 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1500 in thirds. Also, store goods in same, invoice $2500, average monthly sales, $900, stock profitably increased, sell or trade the whole for small tract of land.

FOREIGN.

100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price, $20 to 30. Satisfactory information furnished.

160 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres brush, 60 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1500 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.

References given, a liberal patronage solicited.

S. M. MOORE.
Aug.18-6m.

Legal Notice.

Mary E. Gonder, Elvina Shumaker, and Thomas J. Bailey, who reside at Chetops, Labette county, in the State of Kansas, and James M Bailey, who resides at Tippecanoe, Marshall county, in the State of Indiana, will take notice that on the 7th day of August, 1883, Rubina J. Randles and James P. Randles, her husband, filed their petition in the Common Pleas Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others praying for partition of the following described real estate, situate in New Castle township, Coshocton county, Ohio: And being sixty five and one-half acres off the east side of the south west quarter of section numbered twenty-one, township number six, and range nine, and being a part of the lands owned by Edward Bailey at the time of his decease.

Also, a part of said south-west quarter of section twenty-one, township six and range nine, bounded and described as follows: Commencing for boundary on the north line of said quarter section 50½ rods east of the north west corner of said quarter section; thence east along said north line twenty rods; thence south 160 rods to the south line of said south-west quarter, thence west 20 rods along said south line; thence north to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, more or less.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 6th day of October, A. D., 1883, or judgment may be taken against them.

RUBINA J. RANDLES.
J. M. Compton, Att'y. for Plaintiffs.
Aug11-6w.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersign ed has been appointed and qualified as Executor of the Estate of William Shearn, late of Coshocton county, deceased.

Dated this 8th day of August; A. D., 1883.
Aug11-3w. JOHN WAGONER.

PENSIONS For wound, disease, or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents until 16, when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents 917 F St., Washington, D. C. WL July 28-tf.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. L. M. GRAY, of Zanesville, O.,

For twenty-two years I have been practicing Dentistry in Zanesville. My work challenges comparison with that of any other Dentist in the State of Ohio. I have always labored to keep my prices up to the professional standard, but my competitors have zealously and constantly labored to lower that standard, by peddling Dentistry all around over the country with a horse and wagon, doing cheap work, thereby lowering the dignity of the Dental profession. I now decide not only to still maintain my position at the head of the profession in skill, but to announce to the citizens of Coshocton and vicinity that from this time forth I enter the ring for competition in prices. A fine set of Teeth on best Rubber, $10.00, and pay railroad fare from and to Coshocton, or $8.00 and customers pay fare; the finest gold filling, $1.00. Condensed Nitrous Oxide from the best manufacturers in the world for extracting Teeth without a particle of pain.

E. T. SPANGLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Patterson.

CHAMPION CITY COLLEGE

(Popularly known as "Student's Paradise.")

Short-hand, Telegraph, Type-writing, Book keeping, Banking and Penmanship Departments.

Largest and most complete practical business college in America. No graduate out of good paying employment. Send for College Journal.

F. W. WILLIS, President.
Springfield, Ohio.
Aug11-4t.

THE ONLY BIG SHOW

That will visit Coshocton County this Season!

THE COLOSSUS OF THE AGE!

WILL EXHIBIT AT

Coshocton, Wednesday, Aug. 29.

Not a day Sooner! Not a day Later!

SELLS BROS.

ENORMOUS

RAILROAD SHOWS!



The Greatest Organization on Earth!

A CIRCUS AND HIPPODROME

Unequaled in the Number of Brilliant and Arenic Stars.

Three Large Menageries Combined, Herds of Elephants, Mammoth Double-Horned Rhinoceros, two Immense Hippopotami, a herd of Giraffs, full grown Ostriches, Polar and Grizzly Bears, Sea Lions and Sea Leopards, Birds, Reptiles, Amphibia, a Museum of Wonders, a Veritable Noah's Ark, Nothing like it on Earth. Belitteling all other Exhibitions into Dwarf-like Insignificance.

The Circus and Arenic Departments Comprise

100 Male and Female Artists. 100

Prominent among whom, and of world-wide celebrity, are Viola Rivers and Mad. DeLarue, the most Brilliant Equestrienues of the Age. Six Parisian Horsewoman. Exemplars of the French Haute D'Eole. Orin Hollis and Willie Sells, Paramount in Classic Horsemanship, and daring and hazardous Equestrianism. Messrs. Wallace, Hartwell, Robinson, Duncan, Barton, Williams and Benton, from Astley's London, and the Olympique, Paris. The Incomparable Devene Family, of Aerial Acrobatic and Trapeze Performers. The Wonderful Stirk Family, the World's Champion Bicycle Riders. The Modern Samson, Herb Drayton. A troupe of Hindoo Magicians. Retlaw and Alten, in their Tripple Bar Act. Donaldo Bros., the Jointless Phenomenous.

Prof. WHITE'S DOG CIRCUS

In conjunction with a Quadruped Performance of trained Elephants, Hippopotami, Giraffes, Ostriches, Bears, Elks, Cynocephius and the Monster Rhinoceros.



20 ORIGINAL CLOWNS! 20 DOUBLE SOMERSAULTISTS!
A TROUPE OF AUSTRALIAN MAORIS, ARABS, ZULUS, INDIANS,
And the Peculiar People from Every Clime in the World.

6 BANDS OF MUSIC 6

A CITY OF PAVILIONS ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRIC LIGHT,

A FREE STREET PARADE.

Golden Chariots, Triumphal Cars, Cavaliers, Demoiselles, Equerries, Elephants, Camels, Ostriches, Giraffes, Blooded Horses, Ponies, and a

GRAND ALLEGORICAL DISPLAY

Eclipsing a Mardi Gras Exposition, will be given on the morning of the day of Exhibition. This Grand and Imposing Spectacle is over three miles in length.

☞ Remember, it is Free to All. Excursion Rates on all Railroads.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Those Coffee-Sack Trousers.

Greenfield, Ohio, Correspondence of The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"Mrs Foraker," said the writer, nearly every one in Ohio wants to know about those coffee-sack trousers. Now did y ou ever make him such a pair, or is it only a campaign fabrication?"

"Oh, no," the lady replied with a Laugh, "it is the solemn truth, and what is more he wore them out. You see it was in the fall when Ben was about ten years old, and the men folks were all busy building a dam, and in the house the girl and myself had all we could do preparing for them, as there were a lot of extra hands. Ben met with an accident and he had to have another pair of trousers or he couldn't go to school. Everybody was too busy to go to town to buy any cloth and for a time I didn't know what to do. All at once I thought of an inside coffee-sack in the house, and so I made them of it. When I showed them to the boy he looked disappointed and said; 'I don't want to wear them, the boys will make fun of me.' 'Never mind,' said I 'if you make a smart man people will never ask what kind of trousers you wore when a boy.'"

"Yes," broke in Mr. Foraker, "thats the truth of it, and it wasn't from extreme poverty as some of the papers said. My wife is a saving kind of a woman—a fortune to any man—and that coffee-sack just happened to be handy."

"There never was a better boy to his mother than Ben," continued Mrs. Foraker, "and he helped round the house same as any girl. I taught all my boys to wash, iron, milk, cook, spin, and Ben used to have to pick the geese."

"Ben," supplimented the father, "was one of the kind of boys that thought that if any of the rest of his companions was able to do anything, he could do it too. One day his elder brother, Bureh, put up thirty three shocks of corn, for which I paid him a dollar, and Ben felt he ought to earn some money as well. I told him that he was too small to do such hard work, but he said he was going to try. That day I went to the fair, and when I came home I found he had put up his thirty-three shocks. He was not tall enough to tie them up and so he had got his little sister to stand on a chair and do it, while he held the stalks in place. It was a powerful day's work for a boy, and I don,'t see how he ever did it."

Running about one of the pastures on the farm is an old dun-colored pony, which was owned and broken in by the now Judge. There is a story told that when he was a "beardless youth," he fell in love with a Mt. Carmel girl, and so as to be near her he refused to go to the Rainsboro Sunday-school, but rode his pony to the one attended by the object of his affection. But alas! for the boy. When he went to fight his country's battles she forgot him and married another fellow. The pony was ridden after Morgan, at the time of his celebrated Ohio raid, by Mr. Foraker, and at present the little son of the Judge, when he is visiting at the farm, rides the ancient nag to the post office for the semi-weekly mail and by the way, the farm was bought and presented to his parents by the ever-thoughtful son.

A Timber Famine Imminent.

From the Ohio State Journal.

A timber famine is impending in the near future. At the present rate of destruction of the forests, the white pine and spruce will last about seven years longer. Georgia and Alabama have each about a year's supply of pine, and Florida and North Carolina together would not furnish enough for one year's consumption. No new forests are being planted, and the rate of growth is so slow that private individuals cannot enter into the business of reafforesting the denuded lands. No man can invest money and wait thirty years before he receives the first returns. Canada will exhaust her supply at about the same time as the United States, so that we cannot look to her for a supply. The subject of the impending scarcity of building material has been often discussed, but the first active step has yet to be taken. The alternative seems to be that either the National government must take immediate measures to insure the planting of ten acres of land to forest each year—that being the yearly area cut at present—or by the close of the next decade there must be a radical change in building, and we be forced to use brick, stone and iron in place of lumber.

Lightning in the Ground.

A few years since a Connecticut farmer was making hay in a field on a hot July day. The sun was shining brightly. The ground was hot and dry. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, and no rain had fallen for days together. As the farmer was turning his hay a flash of lightning killed him instantly, and it was said that the electricity came from the ground rather than the sky. The large poplar tree that formerly stood in front of the Belden place, Hartford, was struck by lightning a dozen times in its day. It was scarred on every side. The last bolt rived its body to the heart, and killed the tree. Engineer Palmer, who was then surveying for the Valley Railroad, came up to see it. "That bolt came from the ground," said he. "We know by the way the splinters hang." One of the main roots was fractured for a long distance, and the engineer said the bolt of lightning might have followed a rill of water from the railroad, 80 rods from the tree, then touching a root—some of the roots had been traced over 15 rods—followed up its trunk. He said about half the strokes of lightning that shivered trees came from the ground.

A Giant's Skeleton.

Farmer Hanson, of Barnard, Mo., found a shin bone protuding from the bank of a ravine cut by the heavy rains of the last few years. He began an investigation and succeeded in unearthing the skeleton of a human being, who was twelve feet high when in full life. The thigh bones were 30 inches long, and large in proportion. When the earth was removed the ribs stood up high enough to enable a man to crawl in and explore the interior of the skeleton, turn around and come out with ease. The first joint of the great toe, above the nail, was three inches long, and the entire foot 18 inches in length. The skeleton lay on its face 20 feet below the surface of the ground, and the toes were imbedded in the earth, indicating that the body either fell or was placed there when the ground was soft. The left arm was passed around backward, the hand resting on the spinal column, while the right arm was stretched out to the front and right.

A Colorado Call for Pretty Girls.

From the Silverton Herald.

It is true that the San Juan is in need of more girls. In the New England States there are eleven women to one man, while in the San Juan there are eighteen men to one woman. There are thousands of young men in the San Juan to-day just dying to get within reach of a Puritan beauty, whose smiles are seasoned with sweetness and whose disposition is as mild as an Italian lamb. As a rule the girls and old maids of this country are too far advanced and too well posted. Instead of any more Puritan males coming into the West let Providence send us several car loads of Puritan beauties. They will find homes here and will go as readily as watermelons—just now.

CHEAP EXCURSION RATES

To Columbus During the Ohio State Fair.

Excursion tickets at the low rate of one rate of fare for the round trip will be sold via the Pan Handle Route to Columbus and return, during the session of the State Fair, September 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th. They will be good returning until September 8th inclusive. Many improvements have been made in the State Fair Grounds since the last exhibition. Buildings have been enlarged, and the race track has been placed in matchless condition. The premium list, aggregating $25,000, has been revised and new features have been provided for. Night exhibitions will be given by electric light, carrier pigeons will fly to the grounds from all parts of the State, and there will be other attractions innumerable. It will be the best Fair ever held in Ohio. Do not fail to see it.

For tickets, time of trains, etc., apply to nearest agent of the Pan Handle Line. Aug 25-3t

Washington, D. C., May 15th, 1880.

Gentlemen—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitter. I have taken one bottle and have been rapidly getting better every hour, and I think it is the best medicine I ever used. I am gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in dispair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated. MRS MARY STUART.

Do not make an enemy in the world if you can honestly avoid it.

NEURALGIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

In Aurora, Ill., there lives Mrs. Wm. Henson. She says: *Samaritan Nervine* cured me of neuralgia, Vertigo and sick headache.

Take the hour of refreshing and recreation after business.

No use barking: "Downs' Elixer" will cure your cough. Try it. Price 35c. 50c. and $100. Sold by M. W. Mcnaughton & Co.

Love depends on the loving not on the beloved.

Costiveness is the cause of impure blood. Baxters Mandrake Bitters will purify the blood. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co.

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.

J. W. Houghton, Wellinton, O., says "I deal in Brown's Iron Bittors and I know it to be a good tonic."

The finest and noblest ground on which people live is the truth.

BEECHER'S BAD HEAD.

For two months in the year Beecher can't preach. In August and September he takes his vacation and endures the onset of Hay Fever, And it is, so he says, something terrible and tremendous. A man with Hay Fever is not accountable for what he does. He is simply a wild beast—frantic with snuffing, sneezing and headache. His eyes are red and sore his nose. Every nerve in his skull thrills with distress and his head is a fountain of tears. He lives only to fly from seaside to mountain-top in search of relief. And yet, whether we call this form Catarrh Hay Fever, Rose Fever, Hay Cold or Rose Cold, Ely's Cream Balm will cure it. This remedy is simple, pleasant, and easy of application. Placed in the nostrils it penetrates and soothes the effected parts at once, restores the impaired senses and creates healthy secretions in cases of the longest standing. You cannot run away from Hay Fever, but you can drive it from you by using Ely's Cream Balm.

The well bred lad has very few wi'd oats to sow.

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

By Dr. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt-Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb3-1y.

Rock Candy Cough Cure.

Warranted to cure or money refunded, Cold Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and troubles (also good for children.) Rock Candy Cough Cure contains the healing properties of pure white Rock candy with Extracts of Roots and Herbs. Only 25c. Large bottles $1.00 cheapest to buy. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

MILLIONS SHUT UP.

A Time-Lock Causes Worriment in the Sub-Treasury.

New York Star.

In the basement of the sub-treasury, on the Nassau street side, is a big vault where Uncle Sam keeps some of his loose silver dollars. The vault has a door with two combination locks and a Holmes time-lock of such fearful and wonderful mechanism that the combined intellectual powers of two officials of high rank are required to open it every morning at 8:30 o'clock, Sundays and holidays excepted. On Friday the time-lock was indulged with a short vacation that it might receive some oil and a fresh polish. During the short absence of the lock an able-bodied porter mounted guard at the vault with a blunderbuss.

At the usual hour, yesterday, Deputy Assistant Treasurer George Ashley and William Sherrar, chief of the coin-room, undertook to open the time-lock, but the clockwork was still, and the great door would not budge. Gloom and despondency overspread the treasury, for that vault contained $33,000,000. By the application of an electric battery the clockwork was set going again. As no one knew when or why the works had stopped, it was impossible to state when they would run down, so that the vault might be unlocked.

"What effect will the strange conduct of the big lock have upon the finances of the nation?" asked the reporter of a pale man with a long, red beard, who was pacing the marble floor of the sub-treasury.

The man stroked his beard and replied, thoughtfully:

"I can't tell. You'd better see the cashier at the first window on your left."

"What's the matter with your big lock?" queried the reporter here.

"Young man," answered the cashier, "remember that the mercury is among the nineties."

"Don't you know when that pile of silver down stairs will see daylight again?"

"No; and I can't see how much better off any thing is for seeing such daylight as this."

"Then that money may be in for a term of six months, out of the reach of everybody, for aught you know to the contrary?"

"Oh, no," was the quick response, as the old gentleman wrung out of his yellow handkerchief, "not as bad as that. You see that lock was running as usual when it came back yesterday. To-day, when Messrs. Ashley and Sherrar went to open the door they found that the clockwork had stopped. A man came with an electric battery and tickled the lock with a current until the works went on again."

"When can you open the vault?"

"Just as soon as the works run down, and the Lord only knows exactly when that will be."

"Does that vault contain most of the cash in the building?"

"Bless your soul, no. We have still money enough to cash coupons and pay the office boy, even if we never got a dollar of that silver."

"This little accident won't create an uneasy feeling in the money market?"

"Not at all."

"You have had no rush of bondholders to-day since it became known that the time-lock had hung fire?"

"No, sir; if any body thinks that even the total loss of $33,000,000 can make this government shaky, let him come into the coin-room and we'll show him some money. Do you see that big basket on wheels? Well, it is full of bills of high denomination—500's and 1,000's."

The gentleman in charge of the office of the Burglar Alarm Telegraph company, which made the lock, was footing up figures by the yard in a massive account book, when the reporter asked him what he knew about the refractory time-lock at the sub-treasury.

"Why, the clock-work stopped," replied the expert, sticking his pen over his ears. "I can imagine why the works keep on running until now. Five days in the week the lock is set so that the bolts can be drawn at half past eight every morning. Saturday the cashier pulls down a little catch on the lock, and Sunday morning, instead of drawing the bolt, the machinery knocks the catch back into its place, and keeps the door shut for twenty-four hours longer. It is possible that in cleaning the lock the Sunday catch was pulled, and in that case the bolts will give way to-morrow morning."

"How can the officials tell when the clock runs down?"

"By trying the lock; there is no other way."

A PALACE ON WHEELS.

Ingenious Manner in Which a Western Man Builds a Private Car.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

The private car of E. H. Talbott, editor of The Railway Age, which attracted so much attention at the railway exposition, Chicago, although it was then incomplete in its furnishings, arrived in the city yesterday afternoon. This car, from platform to platform and track to roof, outside and inside, is said to be the finest and best specimen of work in several branches ever put upon a car, its equal for convenience, durability, beauty and completeness never having been made. The car, manufactured at the Pullman Palace Car Works, has been building for over a year, much of the time, however, being given for the paints and woodwork to season. The idea of this car, particularly its plan of construction, was conceived by a prominent railroad man of the west, who finally induced Mr. Talbott to cause its construction. The peculiar plan is this: The various lines of stock and equipments used in its building and furnishing were procured from the leading manufacturers of this and foreign countries, thus putting them to the same test and demonstrating which is the best. For illustration, six of the large 42-inch wheels used on the car are from Krupp's works, Essen, Germany, and the other six from the Midvale works, Philadelphia. This plan of construction is carried out in various departments, even to the lamps, wood and glass works, thereby giving a thorough and impartial test to railway goods of American and foreign manufacture, every part being the best made in that particular line.

The main features of the car, as noticed at a hasty glance, are as here given: The palace, as it might properly be called, is sixty-eight feet in length. Upon entering one finds himself in a commodious observation room, elegantly furnished, furniture upholstered in leather. Just beyond this is Mr. Talbott's private room, finished in cream-colored wood, with amaranth trimmings. One of the most elegant folding beds in construction, carving, etc., ever manufactured has a place in this room. Connected with this private apartment is a large dressing-room, with all modern furnishings. Running from the observation room, past the private apartments, is a passage way, leading into a roomy parlor, which is sixteen feet in length and occupies the entire width of the car. This room is finished in mahogany and upholstered in velour, carpetings and lambrequins being of heavy and elegant make. In one end is a large sofa, which can be readily turned into an upper and lower berth. Above this sofa is a heavy French plate-glass mirror, surrounded by smaller plate mirrors. Adjoining upon the opposite end and opening into the parlor is a sleeping room, with two double sections. Beyond this room are the gents' toilet rooms, wine locker, etc. The toilet-room furnishings are of the variegated Tennessee marble, which cannot be stained, but ever carries its glossy and clean appearance. A triple silver-plate water cooler is also here found. The wine locker is commodious and complete in every detail. Next to these rooms comes the butler's pantry, also as complete and convenient as the adjoining apartments. Here also is a Lotthard refrigerator, with solid plate-glass front, and an adjustment of no little importance. Occupying a roomy space in the rear end of the car, a passageway being arranged so that persons can pass from the rear platform into the other apartments, is the kitchen and cook room, which is a perfect model for such a department. It is furnished with a Simonds range and all modern kitchen inventions. The range has elegant nickel-plate ornamentations of original design. Both platforms of the car are surrounded by heavy steel and bronze railings, of novel, original and appropriate design.

One feature noticed on the platform is the arrangements for lighting lamps, and reflectors being placed under the hoods on either end of the car. An arrangement inside in the shape of a miniature Westinghouse brake is one of no little interest and practical value for safety. With it a train can be stopped as readily as it could were the brakes applied by the engineer, and by it is recorded every move made by the engineer of a train in operating the air-brake.

Social Law Down South.

Columbia (S. C.) Register.

Seduction in southern society has ever meant death in certain circles of life. There is no time to parley when a stain has been put on a family name which will be a deadly whisper of reproach through generations of men and women after. Nearly every old family has a skeleton of some sort in the closet, but the virtue of our women has for generations been to us dearer than life. The man who violates this sacred, social instinct, then, takes his life in his hand and should die the death. The man who even comes fairly under the suspicion of wrong must justify his conduct beyond all cavil or marry the injured woman. He should not leave her—he should not be permitted to leave her to carry alone a polluted name among honorable men and women. If he has been the means of bringing reproach upon her good name he should not be allowed to sneak from her side like a coward and leave her to take the hisses of mankind, while perchance he marries a pure woman and assumes an honored position in society. Join her in her shame or die in the sentence of our society, and it is a just one before God and man.

JOURNALISTIC SUPERSTITIONS.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Men Who Make Newspapers.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"Are editors as superstitious as theatre actors and sailors and railroad men?" asked the old subscriber, sitting down in a Queen Anne chair and putting his feet timidly under a centre-table inlaid with Mexican onyx.

"Yes," said the solemn editor, "they are. Ever since newspapers were invented by Cadmus, journalists in ever department have had superstitious beliefs and ideas peculiar to their profession. Now, there's the managing editor. If the first man who comes into the private office Monday morning is a man who wants to go to congress and has an editorial article three columns long written by himself, showing how the country is lost unless he is nominated in a minute, the manager is gloomy all day because he doesn't believe that article is going in the paper. No reason for it, you know, only he is just superstitious enough to believe that the manuscript will be lost in the waste-basket ten feet deep before the author is half way down stairs. Then there's the leader writer. If he found his pen sticking in the paste, he'd suspect Dan, down in the office, in a minute. When he finds his desk opened and all his pencils gone, he suspects the proof-reader, and when the paper comes out dated February 32, he suspects the 'make-up.' And another thing, if he picks up a pen by the wrong end, he will turn it around and say something before he will write with it. I've talked with him about it, but he won't give any reason for it. As for the news editor, do you see that mountain of exchanges on his table? Well, before you get down stairs that young man will lean out of the window to watch your appearance at the counting-room door, and he will say: 'I'll bet a dollar that old cuss stole The Boston Transcript and The Denver Tribune. He is superstitious about everything that happens and every man that comes in. He believes it bad luck to drop the scissors down the elevator well. Did it once, and they straddled right into both eyes of a regular advance paying subscriber, who was looking up to see the elevator come down. He believes in Mascottes. Gets five letters a week from somebody, and the boys believe he has one. He won't work on Sunday or the Fourth of July. Says when a man works on Sunday it is a sign he's lonesome. If he wants to get anything out of the library, when he is sitting at the desk, he crosses the room before he takes down the book. Crosses it again before he sits down. If we run out of paper the pressman believes it is a sign that the paper won't be out. If a printer asks for money before pay day it is a sign he hasn't been on the paper quite one week. It is also a sign that he'll never do it again. If a pressman asks a printer for a dollar it is a sure sign that the printer hasn't a cent. When the foreman finds a handful of pi in with his quoins and picks up a slide-stick and starts down the room, making loud remarks, it is a sign he is going to (and for) the devil. Oh, a newspaper office is the most superstitious place you can come to."

"And yourself?" said the old subscriber. "Now do you believe in any of these things?"

"I?" said the solemn editor. "Oh, I believe it's about time!"

The old subscriber nodded thrice, put on his hat, rose to his feet, and the Old One and and the Solemn One passed slowly, but not too slowly, down the winding stairs.

Can a Bat See With Its Wings?

Forest and Stream.

There is a singular property with which the bat is endowed too remarkable and curious to be passed altogether unnoticed. The wings of these creatures consist of a delicate and nearly naked membrane of great size, considering the size of the body; but besides this, the nose is, in some varieties, furnished with a membraneous foliation, and in others the external membraneous tissues have their sensibility so high that something like a new sense is thereby developed, as if in aid of the sense of sight. The modified impressions which the air in quiescence or in motion, however light, communicates the tremulous jar of its currents, its temperature, the indescribable conditions of such portions of air as are in contact with different bodies, are all apparently appreciated by the bat. If the eyes of the bat be covered up, or if it be cruelly deprived of sight, it will pursue its course about a room with a thousand obstacles in its way, avoiding them all, neither dashing against a wall, nor touching the smallest thing, but threading its way with the utmost precision and quickness, and passing adroitly through apertures or inter-space of threads placed purposely across the apartment. This endowment, which almost exceeds belief, has been abundantly demonstrated.

Grant on Drum Majors.

Long Branch Letter.

General Grant went down on the same steamboat. He smoked, gazed lazily on the water, and chatted a little with several acquaintances, but in too trivial a manner to be worth writing, except, possibly, when the island site of Bartholdi's "Liberty" statue was pointed out, and he said: "It will be a shame if the money isn't raised for the pedestal. I shouldn't care to travel abroad again if that statue arrived and didn't find a place ready to stand on." Then he listened to a conversation about processions which drifted to drum-majors.

"They always strike me as comical," he remarked.

"But they are at least impressive to the small boys," said Chauncy M. Depew, who had joined the circle; "haven't you noticed how the street urchins always swarm in front of the magnificent drum-major, imitating his gait and the flourish of his baton? Mayor Edson tells me that no less a tan-master than Gilmore came in Rim recently to know if there couldn't be an ordinance to protect drum-majors from this torment. To be the figurehead of a procession is glorious, Gilmore explained, but its prominence is turned to gall by these caper-cutting urchins who invariably trot before. The major did not think that legislation on the subject was advisable, but he advised that the pestered majors appeal

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

LIMA, REPUBLIC OF PERU.—Senor A. de La E. Delgado, J. L. D. and Councellor, Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: "One single application of St. Jacobs Oil, cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Dona Juana Garcia, widow and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madam was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuraligic pains of ten months standing. Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numberless other remedies without effect.

A Vegetable Product,

Only used in AYER'S AGUE CURE, has proven itself a never failing and rapid cure for every form of Malarial Disorder, Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever. No injury follows its use, and its effects are permanent. It rouses the system to a condition of vigorous health, cleanses the blood of malarial poison, and imparts a feeling of comfort and security most desirable in Ague districts. It is an excellent tonic and preventative, as well as cure, of all complaints peculiar to malarious, marshy and miasmatic regions. The great superiority of AYER'S AGUE CURE over any other compound is that it contains no Quinine, Arsenic, or mineral; consequently it produces no quinism or injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

The direct action of AYER'S AGUE CURE upon the Liver and Digestive Organs makes it a superior remedy for Liver Complaints, producing many remarkable cures, where other medicines have failed.

For sale by all druggists.

Never fear of spoiling children by making them too happy.

EXTREME TIRED FEELING.

A lady tells us the first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good, her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that extreme tired feeling which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing enriching, purifying, and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarhoea regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOWS SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. July 14, 1 yr.

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed?"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughters Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of the kidney, liver rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.

"Under the care of the best physicians.

"Who gave her disease different names.

"But no relief.

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters that we have shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A Lady of Utica, N. Y.

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Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

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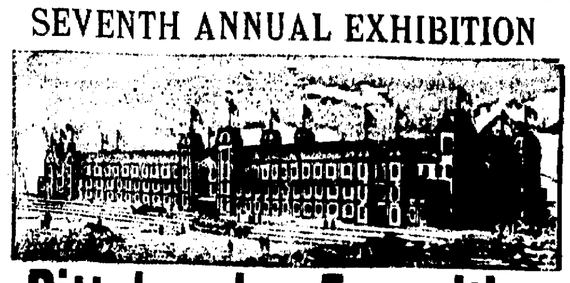
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Justice STANLEY MATTHEWS Washington.	Judge M. M. GRANGER, Zanesville, O.
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Hon. GEO. H. PENDLETON, Cincinnati, O.	Col. A. L. CONGER, Akron, Ohio.
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CHELSEA, Vt., Feb. 4, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.: The 6th day of last June I was taken sick with a swelling on my right foot, and with an awful pain. The swelling went all over me. My face was swelled so that I could with difficulty see out of my eyes, and I broke out over the whole surface of my body; my right foot up to my knee was one raw, itching mass, and my ankle and foot so lame and sore I could not step on it, and it would run so as to wet a bandage through in an hour. In this condition Mr. W. P. Hood (of the firm of A. R. Hood & Son, druggists of this town), handed me a bottle of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and told me to take it. I did so, and by the time I had taken one bottle I found that it was doing me good. I have since taken five bottles more. After I had taken three bottles my soreness began to leave me, and I have been growing better every day, so that to-day I can walk without going lame. I have no soreness in my ankle and it has healed all up, and does not run at all. I owe my recovery to your Sarsaparilla. I write this to let you know that I think it deserves the confidence of the public, especially those who are troubled with humors.

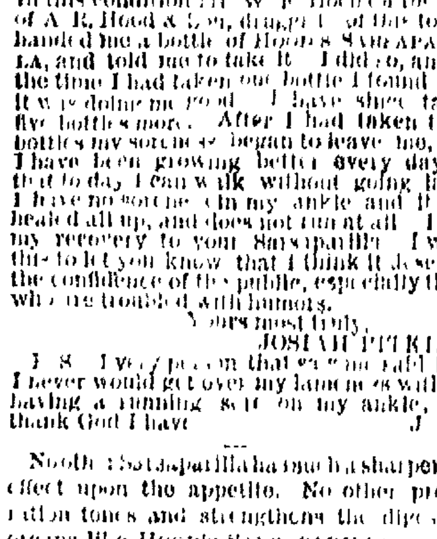
Yours most truly,
JOSIAH PITKIN.

P. S.—Every person that saw me said that I never would get over my lameness without having a running sore on my ankle, but thank God I have. J. P.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has such a sharpening effect upon the appetite. No other preparation tones and strengthens the digestive organs like HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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THE BEST
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"My physicians thought that I was paralyzed on one side. I was terribly afflicted with rheumatism from 1869 to 1880. I was cured by Hunt's Remedy." STEPHEN G. MASON.

"My doctor pronounced my case Bright's Disease, and told me that I could live only forty-eight hours. I then took Hunt's Remedy, and was speedily cured." M. GOODSPEED.

"Having suffered twenty years with kidney disease, and employed various physicians without being relieved, I was then cured by Hunt's Remedy." SULLIVAN FENNER.

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CHEWING TOBACCO
TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 to 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th, 1,000 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, second highest, $90, and so on down to a lock plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the
WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.
Cut address out and paste on Envelope.
This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO.
Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS
"A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing"—Encyclopaedia
SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!
H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers,
113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

This process of manufacture was invented by James Boss, who started in business in 1854, and the methods and tools used in making these watch cases are covered by patents. *This is the only watch case made under this process.* For many years the introduction of these goods was slow, owing to popular prejudice against "plated" goods, but gradually the public learned that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* was *not* a *cheap gold-washed* or *electro-plated* article, but was made of *genuine gold plates* of *standard quality* and *thickness.* Conscientious adherence to the determination to make the *best* watch case ever put on the market, and the adoption of every improvement suggested, has made the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* the STANDARD. TRADE MARK In this watch case the parts most subject to wear—the *bow, crown, hinges, thumb-catches,* etc., are made of SOLID GOLD.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. W1July28-1t

THE DESTRUCTION IN ISCHIA.

A Letter From an Eye Witness of the Scenes that Followed the Earthquake.

From the Courrier des Etats Unis

I will speak only of Casamicciola, for I have had neither the strength nor the courage to visit Forio, the principal place in Ischia, nor Lacco Ameno where the victims are quite numerous. Casamicciola is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and a portion of the houses were built upon the escarpments of the rock. These houses have naturall suffered most. They have all tumbled down. Those at the foot of the hill have stood the shock best of all, and many of the bathers lodged in this part of the town were able to escape. A hotel called the Hotel Sauve was not in the least injured. As you see, it was well named. At the moment the shock was felt all the bathers were indoors. The evening was cool. They were in the parlors of the hotels singing, dancing, chatting, when suddenly the ceilings came down and the people were thrown into the very foundations of the houses.

How shall I describe the spectacle that presented itself to my eyes when I entered the town? Imagine enormous piles of masonry forming barricades in the streets, walls still standing, beams pointing skyward, broken furniture, yawning abysses, confused and tangled masses of planks and beams; and all this throughout an immense extent of streets and piled up almost perpendicularly. On approaching the ruins crys for help and piercing shrieks could be distinctly heard. All through the night those poor people called for help with nobody to help them. Their calls were answered only by calls. The greatest difficulty was experienced in the work of getting out the wounded. The houses from which the cries were most distinctly heard were first taken in hand. The soldiers were admirable in the display of courage and self-sacrifice; but unfortunately it would have required 10,000 men accustomed to such work to meet the difficulty. You have probably seen a work of rescue undertaken in a town where nothing is wanting to save some unfortunate workman buried under a scaffolding or a pile of ruins. You know what a length of time and how much trouble and precaution must be taken to save the man without endangering the lives of those who endeavor to get him out. Then fancy the same scene in a town completely ruined, where everything is wanting, while a scorching sun renders the task doubly difficult, and the men must work, listening on one side to the cries of wounded men and on the other to the piercing shrieks of women, imploring help, wringing their hands in despair, and tearing their hair. When you have pictured such a spectacle you will have some idea of what I witnessed during the two days that I remained at Ischia. On Sunday evening it began to rain, and this added to the difficulty of the situation. When one has witnessed the scene that Casamicciola presented on that evening in the red light of the fires that were lighted to allow the jaded soldiers to dry themselves and drive away the miasma, no battlefield and no bombarded town can have any surprise for him. It would be impossible to describe all the horrors that I have witnessed. Several soldiers were crushed by the falling of walls during the work of rescue.

To render the catastrophe still more horrible the bodies in the ruins began to decompose. The Minister of Public Works, who was on the spot, ordered that immense graves be dug, into which the bodies were thrown after having been covered with quicklime. But there are bodies in the ruins that cannot be reached. Happily, a steamboat with a cargo of phenic acid arrived. This acid was taken from Rome, Naples, and nearly all the cities. It was distributed among the soldiers, who threw it into the ruins. It is probable that, notwithstanding the prayers of those who say that they can still here cries in the ruins, this immense charnel house will be covered up. Nothing else can be done. To clear away the ruins is impossible.

A Horrible Story.

From the Saturday Review.

The author of "Siberian Pictures" says that having on one occasion lost his way, he drove up at night to a large hut, whence he saw a light shining. Cautiously looking into the window before entering or knocking, he saw a hideous sight. Two or three men were ranging dead bodies, which they brought up through a trap door from some undergound storehouse, round a room, while another lighted a fire. As the fire burned up the bodies, which had seemed at first stark frozen, began to thaw and to exhibit signs of life, or at least of movement. Then the principal performer advanced and deliberately disemboweled them one after another. The onlooker naturally thought that he was either dreaming or was assisting at some frightful and unholy rite. But the real explanation was very simple. Russian law does not permit the burial of any person who dies accidentally without a post mortem examination. In the depth of winter the visits of doctors are rare, and it is the custom to freeze the bodies until one comes around, when all who are waiting for burial are produced together, and, being thawed sufficiently to let the knife operate, are performed upon and receive their certificate of interment. The rationalist explanation is complete, but the earlier part of the tale, even in the hands of a rather lame translator of an author who does not himself seem to have any great literary power, is not a little striking. Poe or Hoffman could have made a masterpiece of it.

How Grant was Sent to West Point.

From the Philadelphia Record

General Grant's mother sent him one day to borrow some butter, runs the story, and as a result, we have the hero of to-day. It was noon, and the neighbor's family was at dinner. 'Lysses sat down while the neighbor's daughter went to get the butter. As he sat there he heard the head of the house read a letter from his eldest son, who had gone to West Point under the appointment of the Congressman of that district. The boy wrote his father that he had failed to pass the examination, and he wanted him to hear the news first from himself. 'Lysses knew how to keep watch over his lips then better than he does now. He then asked Mrs. Neighbor for the butter, took it home and went at once to the office of the Congressman. To him he said: "Will you give me your next appointment to West Point?" "We'll see about that when it comes," said the Congressman in an encouraging way. "Will you give me the chance if Jack Neighbor fails?" persisted young Grant. "You never would pass if Jack failed, 'Lysses," said the Congressman. "Will you make me the promise?" insisted Grant. "Well, yes," said the Congressman, "but it won't do you any good." Grant had all he wanted. Next day the Congressman heard of Jack's defeat, and shortly after met Grant. "Well, 'Lysses," you got ahead of me, didn't you? But I'll keep my promise." And he did, and the world which long ago forgot his name will never forget his deed.

Mount Union College.

Mount Union College, at Aliance, Ohio, the junction of the Cleveland & Wheeling and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroads, has certainly entered upon a new era of usefulness and improvements. It is free from debt and has a museum worth nearly half a million dollars, besides excellent ground, buildings, apparatus, with a large faculty of thoroughly competent professors. Number of students past year, 513; past thirty-seven years, 17,038, from forty-one States and Territories, one-fourth ladies, and 9,243 teachers; the call for teachers greater than the supply. Cost of room and board in families, $3 per week, club or self-board and room $1.50 to $2 20 per week. Tuition is but a trifle in any course or department—the ancient or modern Classical, the Scientific, Normal Commercial, Music or Preparatory. Next Fall term begins August 28th; Winter term, December 4th; Spring term, March 4th; Summer term begins June 3d and ends with commencement, July 31st, 1884. By this distinct arrangement of terms, students can support themselves by teaching winters, and thus pay all their college expenses for three terms without losing time or class standing, or by attending each term can complete a four years' course in three calendar years. For new catalogue, address O N. Hartshorn, LL D., Pres. Faculty, Mt. Union or Alliance, O., or Hon. Lewis Miller, Akron, O. We hope our readers will carefully examine the advantages of this young and meritorious college.

Prohibition in Georgia.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

The prohibition question has taken peculiar shape in Georgia. For several years fifty or sixty counties have had local option under special laws. Of these the counties most noted for the activity of their moonshine whisky industry have invariably voted for prohibition. With the licensed saloons abolished, the moonshiners have a grip on public sympathy in direct ratio with the public thirst, and a Georgia public is habitually as thirsty as Sahara. The whole community arrays itself against the Federal revenue officers. Now, by a coalition of moonshiners and Prohibitionists a law has been pressed through the Legislature extending local option to every county in the State. This may not interfere with the spread of delirium tremens in Georgia, but it will certainly cut down the revenues derived from distilling there. That will help support the tariff. It is only a mite, but it is enough to permit us to extend one finger to the paradoxical alliance responsible for it.

DID SHE DIE?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; and at last was cured by this Hop Bitters they say so much about. Indeed! Indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine.

Write on your heart that every day is the best in the year.

Mrs. David Rose, Zanesville, O., says "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters successfully for impurities of the blood and general debility.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.

Did you read how Josiah Potkin of Chelsea, Vt., was cured of a terrible sore leg, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifyer

The soul is not poisoned by mere errors of the head but by evils of the heart.

STRENGTH FOR MIND AND BODY.

There is more restoring strength in a bottle of Parker's Ginger tonic than in a bushel of malt or a gallon of Milk. This explains why invalids find it such a wonderful invigorant for mind and body. 4t

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of the living faith in the heart.

"The enterprising firm of Hood & Co are doing a rushing business in Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Tooth Powder, both well known and appreciated by thousands who have tested their efficacy. The Sarsaparilla has effected wonderful cures, not only in this city, but in various parts of New England where its merits are known."—Ed. Lowell Daily Citizen. Aug,18-4t

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

HOOD'S

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Successors to A. VOGELER & CO. Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit.

CURES ROSE COLD. IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y. nov25-1y

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

SAMARITAN NERVINE

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe. For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50. (18)
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med Co. St. Joseph, Mo.

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

The Best

PLACE to secure a business Education, or prepare to teach Spencerian Penmanship, or Elocution, is at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cor. Superior and Seneca Sts., Cleveland, O. No vacations. Circulars free.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT
—TO THE—
CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.
JUDICIAL.

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 73.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article four of the constitution of the State.

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* (three-fifths of the members elected to each house agreeing thereto), That a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio be, and the same is hereby submitted to the electors of the State at the election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1883, as follows:

That sections one, two and six of article four, entitled "Judicial" be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 1. The judicial power of the State is vested in a supreme court, circuit courts, courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts inferior to the supreme court, as the general assembly may from time to time establish.

Section 2. The supreme court shall, until otherwise provided by law, consist of five judges, a majority of whom competent to sit shall be necessary to form a quorum or to pronounce a decision, except as hereinafter provided. It shall have original jurisdiction in *quo warranto, mandamus, habeas corpus* and *procedendo*, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. It shall hold at least one term in each year at the seat of government, and such other terms, there or elsewhere, as may be provided by law. The judges of the supreme court shall be elected by the electors of the State at large, for such term, not less than five years, as the general assembly may prescribe, and they shall be elected and their official term shall begin at such time as may be fixed by law. In case the general assembly shall increase the number of such judges, the first term of each of such additional judges shall be such, that in each year after their first election, an equal number of judges of the supreme court shall be elected, except in elections to fill vacancies; and whenever the number of such judges shall be increased, the general assembly may authorize such court to organize divisions thereof, not exceeding three, each division to consist of an equal number of judges; for the adjudication of cases, a majority of each division shall constitute a quorum, and such an assignment of the cases to each division may be made as such court may deem expedient, but whenever all the judges, of either division, hearing a case shall not concur as to the judgment to be rendered therein, or whenever a case shall involve the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly or of an act of congress, it shall be reserved to the whole court for adjudication. The judges of the supreme court in office, when this amendment takes effect, shall continue to hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

SECTION 6. The circuit courts shall have like original jurisdiction with the supreme court, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. Such courts shall be composed of such number of judges as may be provided by law, and shall be held in each county, at least once in each year. The number of circuits, and the boundaries thereof, shall be prescribed by law. Such judges shall be elected in each circuit by the electors thereof, and at such time and for such term as may be prescribed by law, and the same number shall be elected in each circuit. Each judge shall be competent to exercise his judicial powers in any circuit. The general assembly may change, from time to time, the number or boundaries of the circuits. The circuit courts shall be the successors of the district courts, and all cases, judgments, records, and proceedings pending in said district courts, in the several counties of any district, shall be transferred to the circuit courts in the several counties, and be proceeded in as though said district courts had not been abolished, and the district courts shall continue in existence until the election and qualification of the judges of the circuit courts.

And be it further resolved, that at said election, the voters desiring to vote in favor of said amendment, shall have placed upon their ballots, the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, yes," and the voters who do not favor the adoption of said amendment, may place on their ballots the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, no;" and if a majority of all the votes passed (cast) at said election shall be in favor of said amendment, then said sections one, two and six herein set forth, shall be and constitute the sections so amended in said judicial article (four) of the constitution of the State of Ohio, and said original sections one, two and six, and also sections five and eleven of said article, shall be repealed and annulled.

I. N. HATHAWAY,
Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted March 30, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 30th day of March, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1883.

[SEAL.] JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State.
April 7 6 mon

PROPOSED AMENDMENT
TO THE
CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

Section Eighteen of Schedule.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 50.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing Amendments to the Constitution.

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That, at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, 1883, there shall be submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection two propositions to amend the constitution of the State, as follows:

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The general assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom; and its power to levy taxes or assessments thereon is not limited by any provision of this constitution."

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The manufacture of and the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited; and the general assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The electors voting in favor of the said first proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes;" and those voting in favor of the said second proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes."

If either of the said two propositions be thus approved by a majority of the electors voting at the said election, then the amendment therein proposed shall constitute a separate section of article fifteen of the constitution.

O. J. HODGE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 4, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883.

[SEAL.] JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State.
April 7-6m.

FARMERS,

Look to Your Interest!

Old reliable Bone Dust, manufactured of clean, raw bone by Vaughn Bonsall & Co., at Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio.

Sold by N. F. Turner, of Keene, O., Agent. A sample sack can be seen at Wm. Lockard's ware room, and prices learned.

Mr. Turner can be seen at McDonald House Saturday of each week to take orders. Aug4-4w.

E. McDONALD,

Cor. Main and 3d Streets,
COSHOCTON, O.

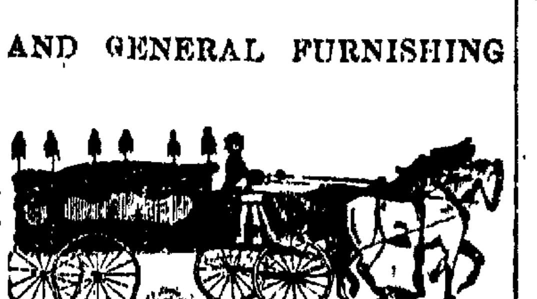
Sole Agent for the CASADAY and OLIVER CHILLED
PLOWS,
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And Dealer in
GENERAL HARDWARE,
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Call and examine Goods and Prices before Buying.

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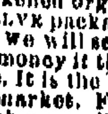
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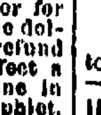
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COFFINS.
BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS
of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.
RICKETTS' BLOCK,
Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES
For old and young, male and female



MAGNETIC MEDICINE, a brain and nerve food; Positively cures Night Losses, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Leucorrhoea, Barrenness; and for all weakness of the Generative Organs in either sex it is an unfailing and positive cure. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. With each order for TWELVE packages, accompanied with five dollars we will send our GUARANTEE or refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the cheapest and BEST medicine in the market. Full particulars in Phamphlet, which we mail free to any address. Sold by all Druggists, one package 50c. Six for $2.50, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH. Sold in Coshocton by J. F. Compton, who will issue guarantees.



(Before) (After)

Sept. 30-1 year

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF PIONEER LIFE
A popular account of the Heroes and Adventurers, who by their Valor and War-craft beat back the Savages from the borders of civilization and gave the American forests to the plow and the sickle.
By A. E. MASON with an introduction by Dr. J. C. RIDPATH. 1,000 pp. 100 magnificent Illust's. Specimen pp. free. AGENTS WANTED. Jones Bros. & Co., CINCINNATI, O.
July14 8t.

B. F. SELLS'
LIVERY STABLE,
In rear of Central House,
Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

J. J. BROWER, M. D.
Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,
Corner Walnut St., and Burt Ave., Coshocton.
Office Hours—From 7 to 9 a. m.; 12 to 2 p. m. and 5 to 7 p. m. mar17-6m.

TO SHOEMAKERS!
GO TO
W. S. PALMER'S,
NO. 111 2d STREET,
Where you can find a full assortment of
LEATHER,
SHOE FINDINGS, &c.,
At the lowest cash prices

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
AT THE OFFICE OF
BUCKLEW & MURPHEY.
MAIN STREET,
COSHOCTON - - - - OHIO.

HAVE YOU CANCER?
IF YOU HAVE,
It can be Cured!
No Cure, No Pay!

Dr. J. Kinney, of Coshocton, has had long experience in the treatment of Cancer, and has been very successful. He can cure cancer beyond a doubt, taking them out root and branch, without the loss of blood, and without using the knife.

Cancer, to insure a cure, should be taken at an early stage, but he has effected cures when life had been despaired of. Below will be found the names of a few in this and adjoining counties who have been cured by him:

Joseph Barley, of Dresden, had cancer on the arm; cured in 1863.

Thos. Crosier, of Dresden, had cancer on the shoulder; cured in 1862.

Mrs. Zentmeyer, of Dresden, had cancer on the breast, and she was given up to die. It was cured by Dr. Kinney, and she lived five years, when she died from softening of the brain. Her husband is still living in Dresden.

John Love, of Keene township, had cancer some years since.

Cases have recently been successfully treated as follows:

Alexander Love, of Linton, had cancer on lip Treated successfully by Dr. Kinney.

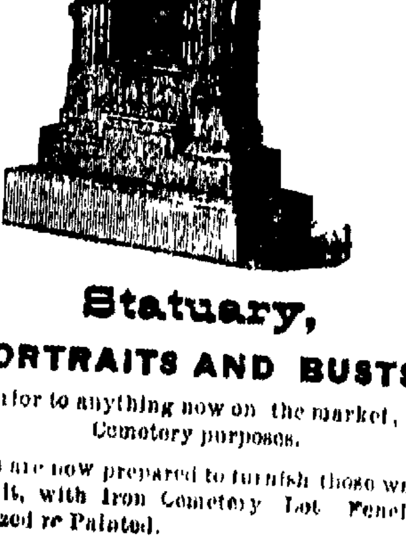
Malachi Jones, Plainfield, had severe case of cancer on leg. Cured by Dr. Kinney.

Mrs. McMillan, Uhrichsville, had cancer on face. Dr. Kinney effected a perfect cure.

If any who read this have cancer, they should not delay another hour, because now you can be cured, but if let run you may die. Do not accept our word alone, but write to any of the above named parties who can tell you what was done for them. For further particulars call on or address,

DR. J. KINNEY,
COSHOCTON, OHIO.

White Bronze Monuments,



Statuary,
PORTRAITS AND BUSTS,
Superior to anything now on the market, for Cemetery purposes.

We are now prepared to furnish those wanting it, with Iron Cemetery Lot Fencing, Bronzed or Painted.

All information cheerfully given. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE: Equity building, East of Public Square, Fourth Street.

W. H. ROBINSON, Local Agent.
L. B. WOLFE, General Agent for Coshocton and Knox counties.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan5-1y.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan5-1y.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Jan5-1y.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,
COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,
COSHOCTON, OHIO,

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at —NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

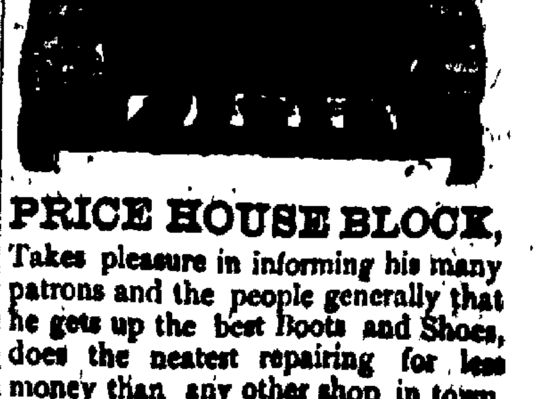
—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail

JOSIAH HARRIS, Clerk.

Mary Stuart Face Powder
Contains no mineral poison. Tint or White 25c a box at L. K. Anderson's. 11-25-1y

GEO. T. EAGLE,
The People's Shoemaker,



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,
Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

ADVENT OF THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS,

By which is Meant The United Enormous Railroad Shows of the Sells Brothers.

Hereafter, Sells Brother's name will be as good on a show-bill as Vanderbilt's on a bank check Binghamton (N. Y. Daily Republican.

Sells Brothers' great exhibitional venture, which is to unfold its canopied treasure-houses at Coshocton Wednesday Aug. 29 has finally solved for us the much discussed, so-called "problem of life." That problem, here and now, has resolved itself into the one great question, not of who is going to the big show, but who can be possibly left at home on the great day of its appearance. Having thoroughly convinced the public that it is an honestly advertised exhibition, and that its promises are as good as old Vanderbilt's or any other man's, there is going to be a mutiny of "irrepressible conflict" dimensions, when it comes to deciding who are not to be permitted to feast amazement with wonder-rounded eyes, by gazing upon its huge pair of full-grown Hippopotami, strange Woolly Elephants, majestic Giraffes, rare Midget Dwarf Elephant, arctic Amphibia, performing Colorado Cattle tremendous Tigers, roaring Sea Lions gigantic Felines, Monster Two-horned White Rhinoceros, fifty tons of performing animals.

In the Circus department will be found a hundred of the very best artists in the world, who will daily appear at each performance. Then all should witness the magnificent free street parade, with its enormous caravan of Asiatic and African Elephants, its Sultan-like army of Camels, its Three Bands, Leviathan Locomotive Steam Orchestra, and living avalanche of dazzling sensations, which the average boy would walk ten miles on his hands to see. For the sake of peace, and in the name of universal enjoyment, spare no effort to so arrange it that all may take in the best show of their life-time and one whose memory will be a continual pleasure.

Probate Court.

John D. Krauss was appointed guardian of Clara W. Krauss, a minor. Bond $100.

Marriage Licenses were issued to George W. Rodgers and Elizabeth Brannon.

Clerk's Office.

New cases:

Mary Boyd vs. Francis Boyd et al, petition for partition of real estate.

Transfers of Real Estate.

John Taylor to Bernard Preston, 99 acres in Perry tp., for $3,457.

Clara Johnson et al. to the P., C. & St. L. R'y. Co, a strip of land adjoining the P., C. & St. L. R. R., for $50.

Lewis Walker to E. E. and S. Day, lot 9 in Tiverton tp., for $550.

Jasper N. Smith to S. and E. E. Day, a piece of land in Tiverton tp, for $550.

Celia E. West to George W. West, quit claim to 40 acres in Tuscarawas tp., for $1,300.

George W. West to Celia E. West, quit claim to 42 acres in Tuscarawas tp., for $1,300.

George W. West to Celia E. West, 43 acres in Tuscarawas township, for $2,600.

Celia E. West to William Porteus, 18 acres in Tuscarawas tp., for $916.

James Slaughter to Wesley Wright, 25 acres in Virginia tp., for $1,100.

Holmes County Notes.

From the Farmer.

Wm. Snyder, a young man of this place, was arrested last week on a warrant sworn out by John Fox, a fellow workman, on a charge of stealing money from Fox. Snyder, after his arrest, was placed in jail and had his preliminary hearing Saturday, which resulted in his being bound over to the Court of Common Pleas. In default of bail for his appearance, he was committeed to jail.

It will be remembered that Nathan Close, of Mechanic township, was seriously injured last spring by a tree falling on him. It was first thought his back was broken and he would live but a short time. We are now glad to say that Mr. Close has recovered and is running a threshing machine this fall as usual.

Charles Baker was arrested Monday by Constable William Inks, of Saltcreek township, on the charge of stealing Adam Karch's horse a short time ago. Baker had just completed a five days' sentence in the Wooster jail, and on being released was nabbed by Constable Inks. Baker was brought to this place, plead not guilty, and in default of $400 bail was placed in jail.

James Wheaton, a carpenter in the employ of Schlupe & Close, while assisting in raising a barn at Jesse Close's, west of this place, last week fell from a scaffold a distance of about twenty feet, breaking his arm and otherwise receiving severe cuts and bruises.

"No," said a Philadelphia belle, "no electric light for me. It can't be turned down low enough."

The world is progressing. Lawyers, even, can now go fishing and say they caught nothing.

The Widow of Ouray has just become the wife of a White river Ute named Toomuchagut. In this tribe he is called "the David Davis of the west."

A writer in the New York *Tribune* gives this good advice in two words, how to cure an egg-eating hen—"Eat her."

When a poor fellow begins going to the dogs, it is only his dog who continues to sympathize with him.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An exchange tells of "a young lady losing the sole of her slipper while enjoying the intoxicating whirl of the waltz." Of what profit was it to her if she gained the whole whirl if she thereby lost her sole! -*Whitehall Times.*

TESTING ORE SAMPLES.

Work of the Assayer on the Colorado Miner's "Pocket Full of Rocks"--Uncertain Results.

Colorado Cor Boston Transcript

There is a great difference in the ways in which the miners select their samples for assaying. One man will hunt around until he finds a piece of ore which looks as if it would run very rich -in fact, takes the best-looking piece of ore that he can find--and carries it to the assayer to be tested; and if it proves to run high, goes among his friends and brags about the big assays he gets from his mine, but often neglects to say how much of that rich ore he has; very likely a streak only an an inch or two wide. Another man, generally one who is blessed with a good share of common sense, will take a sample which appears to him to be of average value and have that assayed, and then knows something about the value of the ore. But the best way of it all is to take a large sample from the mine, crush and sample it, and have the sample assayed. This is what is almost always done when it is wished to find out whether it will pay to ship the ore to reduction works. Fifty or a hundred pounds is usually a plenty to have tested in this way.

A sample of ore is often brought to the assayer to be tested because the customer does not know what it is; and when that is the case, he thinks it may carry silver and he may have a bonanza Samples of this kind are often curious. I have had a piece of clay brought to me, and once had a piece of limestone impregnated with carbonaceous matter so much as to resemble a piece of anthracite coal. If a miner finds a deposit of any substance which he does not recognize, he is pretty sure to have it assayed, even if it shows no sign of metalliferous minerals. I think it must have been the Leadville carbonates which started this indiscriminate assaying, for certainly they are apt to be innocent-looking pieces of rock, not what one would expect to have any great value; in fact, in California gulch, where Leadville now is, the gold diggers for nearly twenty years turned over the heavy boulders of lead carbonates which were in their way, but never thought to investigate the cause of their weight, and so the mines which were destined to make Colorado take the lead as a silver-producing state remained for a long time undiscovered.

Some of the directions given to the assayer are very amusing. A man will come in and lay down a piece of ore and say, "I want an assay on that rock; and see here, I don't want you to chuck the rock out of the back door, and then sit down and write out a certificate—but I want you to run it through the fire." I have had just such remarks made to me, and of course have promised to do my best to make a correct assay. Another miner will say, "I want you to be very particular to grind the whole of this piece up," as some assayers are suspected of knocking off only a part of the sample if it is a pretty good sized one. Still another will give very particular directions about breaking up the sample and throwing out all the barren quartz or other gangue rock. Of course there is a great difference in the way they take the results of the assays. If the result is a good one, the miner generally makes some pleased remark; but it is over the low returns that human nature shows out strongest. One man will swear and say, "Well, I thought that rock would run better than this;" another will hopefully remark, "Better luck next time." Many will walk off without a word. One young fellow whose ore ran nothing philosophically remarked, "If I have another run made and it goes anything at all it will be improving, won't it?" and kept joking about it all day.

One of the most common questions asked an assayer is, "What do you think this ore will run?" And it is often a most difficult one to answer. As for myself I generally try to dodge the question, unless I feel very sure, for ores are very deceptive in appearance, and pieces which look very promising often prove quite worthless, and other pieces which look good for nothing may prove very rich.

Winked at Him.

Washington letter in Courier-Journal.

Maj. Wintersmith, of Texas, is passing away the dull hours at the capital spinning yarns for the entertainment of newspaper men. Here is his latest, of two old Louisville sports:

"There lived in Louisville before the wah," says Jim, "two old sports, Dick Watson and old Bill Miller. Dick was a strong believer in the doctrine of transmigration. He outlived Miller many years. About ten years after Miller died, old Dick came walking up the street one day to where there were several of his old acquaintances. As they stood in front of the Galt house, one of them asked what was new in the world.

"Oh," said Dick, "nothing. I have just met old Bill Miller and had a talk with him."

"Oh, no; Bill is dead. He has been dead ten years," shid one of the party.

"I can't help it; I just met him and had a talk."

The parties bethought themselves and remembered that Dick was a believer in transmigration. Remembering this one of them asked old Dick where he had seen old Bill.

"Right down street. He has come back; is a 'bus horse; is standing right down there hitched to a 'bus. I know it is him. You think I don't know old Bill Miller; why he winked at me as I passed by the 'bus that is standing right down there, and there is just shade enough for one, and old Bill is standing in that, throwing off on his partner, as usual. Oh, I know it is him."

"This settled it, and all hands went in and took it straight."

A Western Man Puzzled in New Jersey.

New York Sun.

"Blessed if I don't give it up!" said a western man who was wandering up and down the avenues of Ocean Grove, N. J., mopping his brow with a large bandanna. Deep trouble was outlined on his face. "Yes, I'm lost!" he exclaimed to a bystander. "I came up from Philadelphia this morning with my wife, and took rooms at the North Pole house. I went to take a walk, and have been three hours trying to find my way back. I've had no dinner and don't know where to get it. Wife probably thinks I've deserted her. What puzzles me is that everybody tells me that Ocean Grove has no hotel named North Pole."

"That's so!" said the bystander. "Perhaps it's the Arctic."

Western man (with a start)—"That's it," and, upon being directed, he broke for it on a run.

Another Great Tunnel Projected.

Demorest's Monthly.

And now it is proposed to join England and Ireland by a tunnel. The distance, by way of the small island on the coast near Port Patrick, is nearly fourteen and a half miles. It will be an immense advantage to Ireland to be connected directly by railroad with England, and, of course, of still greater advantage if the tunnel under the British channel is ever constructed.

Hot Weather Directions.

New York Graphic.

Keep cool. Wear a cabbage leaf in your hat. Carry a sun umbrella. Don't walk on the sunny side of the street. Don't drink too much ice water. Nor beer. Nor spirits. Don't overwork. Don't worry. Knock off business in the heat of the day. Take sponge-baths every few minutes. Get on your $100,000 yacht and run up and down the harbor. Let your business slide, and retire to the cool, shady groves. Don't read political editorials. Never mind about the next president. Put it on ice. Cultivate perspiration. Sleep all you can. Live in your bath-room. Think of the poor. Never mind charity, but think of them in some cool place.

Little John Jarrett.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

John Jarrett always took a decided interest in what is known in amalgamated parlance as "solitary cases." These are cases where the firm or its manager picks out a man in a mill and discharges him, his offence usually being his zealousness for his order. While Mr. Jarrett was in Philadelphia one of these cases was reported to headquarters from the Bethlehem Iron company's works, at Bethlehem, Pa Mr. Jarrett was in the Philadelphia office when the information came in. He determined to investigate the matter in person. Reaching Bethlehem he went quietly among the men, incognito, and gathered after much effort the true state of affairs. He approached the manager, and after making a few inquiries, he demanded that the man be restored to his place. The manager looked at the little man dressed in sober blue and said: "And who are you?" "I'm Jarrett," said the little president of the big puddlers of America. He did not say it loud nor with apparent pride. The manager looked at him, the men took in the situation and looked with admiration upon the little labor champion. He did not talk back, however, but went straightway and called the company together and told them that Jarrett was among the men and demanded the restoration of the last man discharged. The big Bethlehem Iron company were scared at the little Welshman's presence and without further parley ordered a shut down of a steel mill with an average annual output of 135,000 tons. Thus the situation rests, and Jarrett told the men to see that the mill be kept shut until the discharged man was restored. He then left as quietly as he came, his visit producing a good effect upon the men.

Congressman Blackburn Prophesies.

Washington Special.

"I can name the next Democratic ticket. Hoadly is going to carry Ohio by 20,000. That will make him the Democratic candidate for president, and Cleveland, of New York, will be the Democratic vice presidential nominee. The Republicans will abandon party organization and nominate Davjd Davis, and they will not carry seven states. When it was suggested that Hoadly would not carry Indiana, Blackburn said: "Would you have the Democrats go to Indiana and pick up any one of three men all three of whom are fighting each other?" When he suggested Cleveland for the vice presidency, some one said, "If Sam Cox is elected speaker it would seem that he would be the strongest man for vice president." Blackburn replied: "There is only one trouble about Cox; he never plays for high enough stakes. If he had played for the presidency he might have amounted to something. He ran for speaker once, and had four votes."

A Georgia Love Letter.

From The Berrien News.

The following pathetic love letter was picked up on the railroad the other day:

"der miss Susie An:

soet misef pon in hand this after mornin, to rite you a Letter, when I come next Saturdy Nite, i wil fetch yon som, of that purty kandy an resins, what they keeps in them stores up at the station wil fetch that ole mammy of yorn some ter bucer! and you some chawingum an a purty red ribbin

the vilet is Blue the rose is reed
the pink is purty
on so are you

Gen. Meade's Goose.

"Did you ever hear about Meade's goose?" asked a loiterer at Grand Army headquarters in Denver.

There was an encouraging curiosity to hear the story, and the speaker continued:

"During the winter of 1861 and 1862 I was a private in a Pennsylvania regiment in Meade's brigade of the reserve corps."

"A private!" exclaimed a dozen majors, colonels, and generals in one breath.

"Yes, sir, a private; and what's more, I was a private during the entire war, and have never had a chance of promotion since. Well, as I was saying when interrupted, I was in Meade's brigade. Shortly before the holidays the general decided to entertain some of his friends at a Christmas dinner, and procured a handsome goose for the occasion. For a month that goose was stuffed with the choicest goose feed that would produce fat, and when Christmas arrived presented a most tempting appearance—literally rolled in fat and scarcely able to waddle. The night before Christmas the general's cook killed the bird, and, having dressed it, hung it up to freeze in order to make it as tender as possible. As the dinner was fixed for 4 o'clock, the cook was in no hurry to commence preparations for it, and let the goose hang. At 9 o'clock Meade, having given explicit directions about the dinner, got into his ambulance and drove to Washington for his guests, among whom were two ladies, a member of congress, and a distinguished general officer.

At about noon the cook, deeming it time to commence cooking the goose, went to the place where it had been hanging, and to his consternation found that it had been stolen. There was nothing to be done but wait for the arrival of the party, when the situation was explained.

To say that Meade was furious would be a mild expression. Orders were immediately given and carried out for a strict search for the missing bird, and in an hour every tent, camp kettle and mess pan in the division was searched without disclosing the goose. The cook suggested canned meats from the sutler's, but the suggestion was sternly rejected; and, bringing the telegraph into requisition, an order was sent to a celebrated Washington restauranteur, by whom, about 6 o'clock, a first-rate dinner was brought over, smoking hot, spirit lamps having been used in transit.

"The dinner went off in good style, the loss of the goose being treated as a good joke by the guests. But Meade could not forget it easily, and for a month afterward kept up an inquiry in the hope of finding and making an example of the culprit. But he was never found.

"In 1873, at the Grand Army encampment at Philadelphia, a grand banquet was given, Gens. Meade, Sickles, Cadwallader, Patterson, and a number of other distinguished officers being guests. A delegate from Pittsburg, formerly of Meade's brigade was very anxious for an introduction to Meade, and as I had been introduced I gratified him by presenting him to the general. After a few minutes conversation the delegate said: 'By the way, general, did you ever find out who stole your goose?'

"The general laughed and said that he had not.

"'Well, I didn't of course say anything about it then, but I am the man that stole the goose, and a very good goose it was, too.'

"A queer twinkle came into the old man's eye, and smiling quietly he said: 'It would not have been a very merry Christmas for you if I had known it at the time; but,' he added, after a pause, 'there is something remarkable about that goose. Since the war I have met at least forty men who have claimed to be the men that stole my Christmas goose.'

"The last claimant beat a hasty retreat under a storm of laughter."

MY SONGS.

[Ella Wheeler.]

"Oh, you who read some song that I have sung—
What know you of the soul from whence it sprung?

Dost dream the poet ever speaks aloud
His secret thoughts unto the listening crowd?

Go take the murmuring sea shell from the shore—
You have its shape, its color—and no more.

It tells not one of those vast mysteries
That lie beneath the surface of the seas.

Our songs are shells, cast out by waves of thought;
Here, take them at your pleasure, but think not

You've seen beneath the surface of the waves,
Where lie our shipwrecks, and our coral caves."

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	50
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	12½
Bacon, sides, per pound	11
Beans, per bushel	2 00 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	18
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	15
Eggs per dozen	14
Flour per sack	1 65
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	50
Peaches, dried, per pound	6@07
Shoulders per pound	8@8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to change during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old ... $1 05
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old ... 1 05
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new ... 1 05
CORN ... 55
OATS—... 35
RYE—... 65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX ... 6 45
Per Sack, XX ... 1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel ... 60
BRAN—Per hundred ... 75
SHORTS—... 1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—... 1 00
PATENT FLOUR—per sack ... 1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton Age, by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 163 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa: Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1836, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—Now, Choice, per bbl, 5 00@5 50 good, 3 50@4 00; medium, 2 00@3 00.
APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50@75c; Apple Jelly, 8@7c per lb.
BUTTER—Dairy, 17@18c; "Gilt Edge," 19@ 17c; Creamery, 22@23c; Choice Roll, 16@16c; Extra Choice Roll, 15@16c; Medium, 9@10c.
DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10@11c; do quarters, 8@7c. Peaches, halves, 6@7c; redds, 15@18c; pitted Cherries, 20@26c; Raspberries, 31@35c; Blackberries, 14@16c; per lb for all.
FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 60@65c 8 Mixed, 55@60c.
EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 18@17
HONEY—York State 22 to 25; White Clover 20 to 23; Buckwheat 18@20
ONIONS—Onions 100@125 per bbl.
POULTRY—Live Chickens, 60@65 per pair, according to size; Spring chickens, per pair 50@55c.
POTATOES—125 per bush.
RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2@2½c; Woolen, 1-1½c.
SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 60@1 90. Clover, 850@8 75, for small; 8 50@8 75 for large.
TALLOW—Country 7@7½c; Beeswax 23@25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 17@1 18; Medium, 1 16@1 16.
CORN—High mixed Shelled, 57@58; Yellow Shelled, 54@55; Ear Corn, 50@50.
OATS—38@39c for white, 37@38c for mixed
RYE—Choice, 65@64.
BARLEY—80@90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75@80 for Medium.
FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7 50@7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50@7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 90@6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00@6 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50@5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25@6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00@5 25; Cornmeal, 75@80c in paper Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25@8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75@8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50@4 25; buckwheat flour 3@3.
MILL FEED—White Middlings, 17 00@18 00; Coarse do, 15 00@16 00; Seconds, 13 00@13 50; HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, a to 7 50@1 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00@11 00 Prairie 8 00@8 50

EAST LIBERTY STOCK MARKETS.

Condition of the Markets at East Liberty.

Pittsburgh August 22, 1883

Though there is at times a spasmodic improvement in the market neither commission dealers nor shippers grow jubilant over it, as they have had almost uniformly hard sledding all summer, and winter from present indications promises but little relief, as Europe seems determined to do without us as far as possible.

CATTLE—The feeling was good on good cattle, but common and medium grades are hard to sell. The run has been rather heavy this week, but not so heavy as last week. It has more than kept pace with the demand. The best 1,400 to 1,600 pound steers sold at $6 00@6 25; good 1,100 to 1,300 pounders, $5 50@5 75 fair, same weights, $4 80@5 25; stockers and feeders, $3 50@4 50; bulls, rough and smooth, $2 50@3 40; cows $3 00@4 00. To-days receipts 741 head; shipments, 681 head

HOGS—The run was rather lighter to-day and feelings correspondingly better. Best Philadelphias $5 40@5 50; good light Yorkers $5 75@5 85; roughs @5. Receipts, 1,380 head; shipments, 1,610 head.

SHEEP—Extra 100 to 110 pound sheep were quoted at 4 25@4 50 good 90 to 95 pounds 3,90@4,15; 80 to 85 pounds 3,50@3 75; common 70 to 75 pounds, 2@3, lambs, 3,75@5. Receipts to-day 2,000 head; shipments, 1800. Notice is served on shippers that neither common sheep or common lambs are wanted.

CAPITAL CITY Commercial College
Columbus, Ohio. Send for Catalogue. WOOD-RUFF, COOPER & MURRAY, Proprietors.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What paves their fevers, makes them sleep? 'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

CORNER OF MAIN AND SECOND STREETS,
COSHOCTON, OHIO.

The Cheapest First-Class House in the City.

ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

Has been newly refitted and refurnished. Give them a call and convince yourself.

Mrs. E. V. WHITAKER, Proprietress.

A. McCAIN, Manager.

Aug.25-6t.

DAVE & IKE

DAVE & IKE.

Seize this Golden Opportunity.
Notice the Time.
Mark the Place.

Was there ever such a chance to secure genuine bargains before? Beginning to-day and to continue until October 1st, we will conduct a grand and bonafide "Special Sale" of every article in our vast emporium, comprising positively the largest line of

Men's Youths', Boys' and Children's CLOTHING

the handsomest line of Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks and Valises ever offered to purchasers in this section of the State. The Goods must and will be sold before we remove to our new store in the Forbes Block. You can not afford to and must not miss this grand chance to secure these wonderful bargains.

DAVE & IKE,

CITY HALL CLOTHIERS,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Legal Notice.

William C Boyd, who resides at Lebanon, Laclede county, Missouri, Richard A Boyd, who resides at Boundary City, Jay county, Indiana, Alexandria Tice, John Boyd, Truman Boyd, Mary B. Boyd and Daniel Boyd, children and heirs at law of Margaret J. Boyd, deceased, who resided at Portland, Jay county, in the State of Indiana, will take notice that on the 17th day of August, A. D., 1883, Mary Boyd filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others, praying for partition of the following described premises, to-wit: Situate in the township of White Eyes, county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and being the east half of the north west quarter of section numbered thirteen, township six, range five, of the lands subject to sale in the U. S. Military land District of Zanesville, Ohio, containing eighty acres of land more or less.

Also, the following described premises, situate in said township, county and State, and known as lots numbered thirteen and fourteen, and a part of lot twelve in the village of Avondale, as the same is marked and delineated on the recorded plat of said village. All of said lands were owned by Daniel Boyd at the time of his decease.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 20th day of October, A. D., 1883, at which time an order of partition will be taken as prayed for in the petition.

MARY BOYD.
J. M. Compton, Att'y. for Plaintiff.
Aug25-6t.

"Once" More the Bull Dog.



Once on a time a bootblack lived
Who was not fond of pie;
And once a tramping printer who
Refused to drink "Old Rye;"
Once on a time a German lived
Who never tasted Beer;
And once a woman did not want
A new dress for a year;
And once a "sport" who did not care
To drive a "spanking team;"
And once a girl, long, long ago,
Who did not like ice cream;
And once a circus was not billed
"The greatest show on earth;"
And once an editor became
A million dollars worth;
And once a spinster told her age
As over thirty-five;
And once a dude, whose motto was,
"By industry we thrive;"
Exceptions rare in most of things
Have come in History's range,
But never once has there been found
In any favored spot
So choice a chew as Bull Dog Plug,
Its equal there is not.
Bull Dog's the best you ever saw,
And chewers understand
It is, it was, and still shall be
The finest in the land.

A SPECIAL OFFER!

100 pieces of Dress Goods.
100 pieces of Cassimeres and Jeans
20 pieces of Cottonades, and
10,000 other articles, to be sold
REGARDLESS OF COST.

The Stock Must be Closed Out!

If you want these bargains come early, for before Sept. 1st the stock will be badly broken. Take us as we say, for we are in earnest.

J. POCOCK & SONS.

BENJ. COE,

The Old Reliable Stove and Tin Man,

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

Can sell you at bottom prices, Cook Stoves, Oil Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, and anything in the House Furnishing line, a full stock of which is constantly kept on hand.

Tin Roofing and Spouting

A specialty, and at terms that can not be excelled, if duplicated. Call or write for estimates.

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THE ANNUAL

HARVEST HOME PICNIC

Of the Coshocton County Pomona Grange will be held on the Infirmary Farm, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28th,

Commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. An address will be given by S. H. Ellis, Past Master of the Ohio State Grange. Mr. Ellis is an experienced, practical farmer, and a very interesting speaker.

Good music will be furnished by the Plainfield Brass Band and by the Orchestra of the Lafayette Grange.

After the speaking, all who desire to visit the Infirmary Buildings will be conducted through them by the Superintendent.

This is not an Exclusive Grange Picnic,

But all farmers and others, who are interested in the advancement of Agriculture and the elevation of the Agricultural class, are cordially invited to bring their families and lunch baskets and participate in the enjoyments of the day.

WANTED Energetic, reliable man to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. Salary and expenses paid. Experience not essential. Mention this paper. Address LECLARK & REEDICK, Rochester, N. Y. Aug11-6t.

J. C. POMEROY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomeroy.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.
Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacement of bearing down, suppressed or irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many worthlessness springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Sent by Dr. J. F. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. E. Anderson.

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